

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE FATE OF A GALLANT MAN

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THE DREAM OF BILLY BEACH BRINGING HUDSON BAY TO THE FRONT

A Harbour Known to Centuries
of Sailors Comes Into its Own

COMMON SENSE WINS

Those who know the Arctic and its vast herds say that it has great possibilities of development, and that some day settlers will live there.

Twenty years ago the late Mr. Billy Beach had the same idea about the rock-bound, ice-bound Hudson Bay. Why should it not be brought out into the front street of the world, he asked, so that people could shop at it by rail?

Nobody heeded Billy Beach and his ideas. Hudson Bay had never had a railway, and would not have known how to make use of one if it had. So Billy was left to pack his bags and paddle his own canoe along 500 miles of stream and scrub and wilderness till he came to the place of his dreams on the bay, a land-locked harbour with a long point running out from it.

Billy Beach's Log House

Mariners had known the harbour as Churchill for three hundred years, but had never thought it could be used. When Billy Beach built himself a log house on the Point and settled down to wait for people to learn better and realise that what he had suggested could be done he must sometimes have thought of those three centuries.

Fortunately he did not have to wait for another century, though it was a long time before his dream came true or his railway came home. People talked about a Hudson Bay Railway as they talk about the weather, but they never did anything toward making it materialise.

At last, in 1913, the Government did move. They decided on a Hudson Bay Railway. But again they dashed poor Billy's hopes. They decided that Nelson, and not Churchill, should be the harbour railway terminus.

How the Dream Came True

Billy Beach went at it again, hammering into people the advantages of Churchill, and he succeeded so well that a few weeks ago, at long last, railway officials visited the ground and came to the decision that he was right. The railway is not to go to Nelson. It is to go to Churchill, and will reach there two years from now. It will be cheaper and better.

Thus Billy Beach made his dream come true. The pity is that now it has come true Billy Beach is no longer there to see it. He will never see the trains run into Churchill Harbour, for he has died too soon. But his life-work was well done, and he has shown us once again how a triumph can be won by good common sense dauntlessly sticking to its point.

Gathering the Nuts



This is the way the nut-gatherers and blackberry-pickers go to work today, the motor-car drawn up by the roadside enabling the large fruit that hangs high up and was formerly out of reach to be gathered as easily as that near the ground

THE OLD WOODEN PIPE OF WESTMINSTER Carrying Water to Nobles and Kings

SOMETIMES when the builders are busy in London they come across strange things in the ground.

Men have lately found one of the old wooden pipes down which the water was conveyed for three hundred years. It was discovered in Broadway, Westminster, in the ground where the new offices of the London Missionary Society are being built.

When James the First was king there was a brave and clever man named Hugh Myddelton who brought the New River from near Ware to the fields between Islington and London. That began a new age for the citizens of London; but how was the water to be brought to them? Until then it had had to be fetched in large tankards, and poor men earned a few coppers by selling water at a penny a pailful; but when the New River was made pipes were laid through the City, making the water accessible to all.

These pipes were made of small elm trees with the bark stripped off, and they were in sections six feet long. A hole was bored through the centre, and one end of each section was narrowed to fit into the next. As may be imagined, the pipes sometimes burst, and more often they leaked. Altogether there were 400 miles of them, and not till about half way through last century was the use of cast-iron pipes begun and the wooden ones discarded.

The elm pipe carries us back to Old London. It may have been in Westminster when Charles the First was king and when the news of Waterloo came. Who knows what kings and nobles and other folk drank the water that came down the hollow in that old elm tree? London is full of memories, and the Past lives on, not only in the buildings above ground, but deep in the earth, and we walk over an old and hidden London.

HEROES THREE A NIGHT IN A POWDER MAGAZINE

Boy who Saved a Stranger and
the Man who Cheered His Friend

DYING SINGING

Heroism takes many forms, and the stories of three gallant deeds that come to us from Poland, Scotland, and Wales each tells of a different sort of courage but all are worthy of record.

There is an explosives factory in Cracow which is manned by soldiers, and the other day one of the non-commissioned officers suddenly told a comrade that he was going to blow up the works. At first it was thought he was joking, but he had evidently gone mad, for later he was found in the magazine, surrounded by explosives. He had made elaborate preparations for blowing the place up, and it was impossible to overcome him by force because he would have fired the train at the first sign of an attack.

An Act of Heroism

The colonel of the regiment did a very brave thing. Armed only with a crucifix, he went into the magazine and begged the man to surrender. All night he stayed with the dangerous lunatic, and at last persuaded him to forego his terrible plan. It was an act of heroism which required more courage than many a deed done in the heat and excitement of battle.

Less dramatic but none the less noble is the story of Henry Bale. He was 16, and already something of an electrician. The other day he saw a five-year-old girl while playing come in contact with an electric cable. Not knowing the girl but knowing the fearful danger, this brave Cardiff boy pulled the child away and saved her life, but in so doing lost his own.

A different sort of bravery was shown by James Docherty, a miner, who was buried with James MacAlpine after a heavy fall at the Broomrigg Pit in Stirlingshire.

The Treacherous Fall

For thirty hours other miners worked to rescue the buried men, although they were in peril of losing their own lives by digging in the treacherous fall. Night and day the women and children stood there waiting to see if there were any hope. At last a gap was made, and the men, still alive but utterly exhausted, were hauled out.

Afterwards MacAlpine told how Docherty, who is a much older man and the father of nine children, spent the time in cracking jokes and singing Harry Lauder's songs to cheer his young companion in misfortune. That kind of pluck is hard to keep up even in times of illness and business trouble; how much harder must it have been in the case of a man buried alive, with the prospect of a terrible death ever before him!

THE LEAGUE WHAT HAPPENED THIS YEAR

Two Big Surprises and Two
Little Ones at Geneva

BRITAIN'S POSITION

By Our League Correspondent

There were two surprises in store for the Assembly of the League when it met this year.

One was the unexpected and ghostlike uprising of the buried Protocol; the other was a frontal attack on the great States by one of the smaller States.

Neither of these bombshells was very pleasant for Great Britain, as she is one of the Great Powers and is the chief offender in regard to the Protocol, the famous document by which any State which made war rather than submit to arbitration would forthwith be sent to Coventry by every other State. When the rest of the world earnestly desired that Protocol to be accepted and put into practice Great Britain flatly refused, and it was supposed to be dead and buried for ever.

The Attitude of Holland

Now Holland has had the courage to bring it once more to the light of day, and a large part of the Assembly warmly welcomed its resurrection. It may be, as the British delegate pointed out, that nothing will result from a further discussion, but Holland and other countries think the world should be reminded of the principles on which the proposed agreement is based, as they are the principles on which to build up the structure of world peace.

The attack on the policy pursued by Great Britain, France, and Germany of making in secret meetings decisions which should properly come before the whole Council was made by Norway, and that, too, was vigorously applauded, showing a very general feeling of dissatisfaction with certain methods which have grown up lately in direct opposition to the ideals and principles on which the League is founded.

What the League Stands For

It would be a wonderful thing if we here in Geneva could see our great country taking its rightful place as leader of the world in all things that make for peace and goodwill. So much is expected of it; so deep is the faith that other countries are ready to place in it. Instead we see nothing big or fine that we can admire and feel proud of. We can only hope that some day deeds may speak louder than words, and that meanwhile the British people are remembering that the League of Nations is the only thing that stands between them and war.

Two more surprises, of a different nature and very welcome, also awaited this Assembly. One was a most generous gift of £400,000 from young Mr. Rockefeller for the purpose of building and endowing a magnificent library for the League, and the other was a proposal from the Italian Government to establish an International Institute of the Educative Kinema.

Problems of the Kinema

Such an institute, being international, would be under the direction of the League of Nations, and all States would share in the use of it, though Italy offers to provide the funds and house it in the historical palace of the Stamperia in Rome. The Italian idea is to provide an information centre on the different problems of the kinema, and to give opportunity for mutual exchange of every kind of educative film, having proved by experience the great value of moving pictures both as an aid to teaching in the schools and in the intellectual progress of the nation.

Another notable event at this year's meeting of the Assembly was the election of a British Dominions representa-

THE FROG AND THE BULL

NEWS FOR OLD AESOP

A Bit of Science That Would
Have Interested Him

MYSTERY OF A GLAND

Twenty-five centuries ago the wise and witty Aesop gave us a fable which has continued to this day to warn mankind against the inflation of ideas concerning our own merit, importance, and intellectual stature.

It was the undying fable of the frog and the bull, and it now seems that all the time there was, and is, a vital point of likeness between the two; each can live and profit on something of the other's physical substance.

The frog of the old story, hearing a description of a bull, which it has never seen, asks how big it is. Puffing itself out, it says, "Was it as big as that?"

"Cease to puff yourself out," the frog is bidden, "and do not be angry, for you would sooner burst than imitate the hugeness of that monster."

The Pituitary Gland

Nothing, thought Aesop, could be more fantastic and comic than a comparison between a frog and the gigantic bull. But here comes a modern scientist in a recent discussion to tell us that an essential property of the constitution of the bull's body is similar to a substance in the frog's body.

All living creatures have glands which give forth secretions necessary for health. One such is called the pituitary gland, which controls the colouring matter of the body. This is of the highest importance to frogs and lizards, which have to change colour to match their surroundings in order to escape detection by enemies which would devour them. Imagine the chameleon with his quick-change colour scheme upset by the derangement of a gland!

What Science Has Found

Frogs are just as much dependent on the same gland for their varying tints of skin. If a frog receives injury to this gland its pigmentation is completely altered. But science finds that a secretion from the pituitary gland of a bull, introduced into the body of a tadpole is as effective as the natural product of the baby frog's own body.

Bull and bull-frog have that in common, then, and would have afforded old Aesop material for another matchless fable had he but known the strange fact. What he would have done with it we cannot imagine, for there has never been another fable-maker so wise and merry as he.

WELL DONE, BOYS

It is good to know that some boys are better sportsmen than many of their elders down Somerset way.

A rabbit, chased on the foreshore at Largs by some boys, plunged into the sea to evade capture. It swam bravely for a good distance, but, becoming exhausted, came back to land.

The boys were sporting enough to allow the rabbit its freedom after its brave effort to escape.

Continued from the previous column

tive on the Council for the first time. The Council has five permanent seats and nine non-permanent, and three of the non-permanent seats, to be held for three years, have been filled by the election of Cuba, Finland, and Canada. The presence of Canada on the Council is regarded as a highly interesting event, and the result will be watched with general eagerness throughout the British Empire and the States of the League.

(A full description of the working of the Assembly is contained in our correspondent's Little Book of the League, issued by King & Son at two shillings.)

A MAN OF GOOD CHEER

TAKEO IWAHASHI

How He Worked His Way Out
of the Valley of Despair

JAPANESE SCHOLAR AND HIS WORK

Ten years ago all happiness seemed suddenly to go from the life of a young Japanese engineering student at Waseda University, for after a fortnight's illness he found that his sight had gone. "I seemed to have entered the Eternal No," is the way he described his feelings.

But the same student, Takeo Iwahashi, was one of the most cheerful people in the world when a C.N. correspondent met him in London the other day. He had just taken his M.A. degree with distinction at Edinburgh University, and is shortly returning to Japan with his wife and their baby daughter to lecture and work among the blind.

How He Won Through

When all his dreams of engineering as a livelihood and painting as a hobby were shattered Takeo passed into the Valley of Despair, but he won his way through. His mother and sisters enabled him to learn Braille and typewriting at a blind school, while he helped them with his earnings as a masseur. His mother's little stationery business prospered, and, seeing how Takeo wished to resume his studies, she managed to send him to the Kwansei Gakuin, the big Christian college in Japan.

His sisters helped him by reading his books to him, and when one of them married he received help from an educated young Japanese woman, Miss Yano, who had been a nurse and had joined a brotherhood and sisterhood of helpfulness, whose members spend their lives in doing good deeds without thought of payment. "As a result," said Mr. Iwahashi, "we who were two became one, and now we are three," indicating his little baby daughter.

Plans for the Future

Takeo Iwahashi greatly desired to study in Europe, and with the help of a scholarship and some friends it was possible to send him to England two years ago. Having done brilliantly in Edinburgh he is now studying in London for his Doctor of Philosophy degree.

"I am going back to Japan to lecture at some of the Christian colleges," he said, "and to start work among the blind. There are, of course, State schools for the blind, but much more help is wanted. We want more books in Japanese Braille and more medical preventive work."

The story of Takeo Iwahashi is a fine example of courage and determination in the face of adversity.

WILL RUBBER BE CHEAPER?

Getting More from the Tree

Some experiments that have been made in the Dutch East Indies have led to a method of getting many times the usual amount of rubber from a tree.

An acre of rubber trees which yields 800 pounds of rubber in a year in the ordinary way, has been actually made to produce 5000 pounds. It is a new system of bud grafting, which has been worked out on scientific lines, and in the most successful case it has made it possible to obtain 70 pounds of rubber from a tree which ordinarily yielded only four.

The President of the New York Rubber Exchange says this new process will reduce the price of rubber to less than half what it is at present.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cetus See-tus
Lycidas Lis-e-das
Macedonia Mas-e-do-ne-ah

A SCIENTIST FINDS OUT

EXPERIMENTING ON
HIMSELF

Tragic Fate of a Well-Known
Surgeon

DAUNTLESS QUEST FOR TRUTH

One of England's best-known surgeons, Mr. Sidney Rawson Wilson, of Manchester, has sacrificed his life for knowledge.

He was experimenting on himself with a new anaesthetic, and did not recover from its influence. He is one more on the long list of scientific martyrs, men who have given themselves for humanity.

A case of which very little was heard, which had happily less tragic consequences, was that of a Cambridge professor who wanted to make certain how alterations in the blood affect the nerves, and saw no way to do it except by having the experiment made on himself. It was necessary that the subject on whom the experiment was made should be conscious.

Therefore, as the law wisely forbids that any such experiment should be made on a dog unless the animal is entirely unconscious, the scientific man (who was Mr. J. B. S. Haldane) went into hospital and had the experiment performed on himself.

He had to remain in bed several days, and he would frankly admit that he suffered discomfort. But he gained the knowledge he wanted by experimenting on himself instead of on an animal. He could have obtained it in no other way.

Martyrs to Science

This is not a solitary example of the way in which scientific men have suffered pain or risked their health and lives in experiments to find the truth. Sir Henry Head cut the nerves of his arm, which remained unhealed for many weeks, while he analysed the sensations, sometimes very painful, which travelled along them.

The causes of caisson disease, from which the men who drive tube railways in compressed air suffer, were found by scientific men who tested their own bodies in the search, and one of them was of Mr. Haldane's family.

Mr. Bacot, who was experimenting with typhus germs and their insect carriers, gave his life to the search. Professor Lefroy was another such martyr to science. The roll is a long one, and though all our sympathy is with those who so vehemently desire to keep dumb creatures from the risks of vivisection we cannot agree with them that the animal experimenters are cruel and cowardly and unwilling to have experiments made on themselves.

CELLULOID TOYS

Child's Life for a Doll

One more child has been burned to death through a celluloid toy, a celluloid doll given to a child 13 months old catching fire at Hull with fatal effects. This was the sixth death from a celluloid fire within a fortnight. See page 6

THINGS SAID

It is among idle people that scandal-mongers are found. Rev. T. P. Stevens

Any fool can start a strike; it takes sense and courage to settle it.

Mr. J. Beard

Our wireless music is mostly on the intellectual level of the old penny dreadful. Sir Richard Terry

People are coming to look on the State as a lucky-bag into which everyone has the right to dip. Dean Inge

Have a little more confidence in what we have done; have a little more confidence in yourselves.

Mr. Chamberlain at Geneva

SEEING CANADA

University Lads Finding Out for Themselves

FORGING A PRACTICAL LINK WITH THE DOMINIONS

During the summer a large number of English university students have been out to Canada in groups to work on farms in the Province of Ontario, in order that they might see for themselves what the country and its life are really like, so that when they return home this autumn they may act as a link between the Mother Country and the Dominions.

From one of these students who reads the C.N. we have received an interesting letter describing his experiences, but reserving most of his opinions.

Evidently the students had a jolly voyage out. They "carried the British spirit of games" across the Atlantic by playing "a ferocious type of Rugger on the hatch covers of the ship, tar-paulined over." At Quebec they only saw the historic part of the city, but they saw more of Montreal, and stayed several days in Toronto before they were scattered over the farms of the surrounding province.

The Pictures Everywhere

Our correspondent regrets that in the cities they found only the slightest trace of the drama as an intelligent form of amusement. Everywhere the "movies" seemed to be in almost complete possession of the entertainment world.

As regards farm work, he admits that, being city-bred, though he was at school in the country, he was not at once at home, and his first experiences of riding Canadian horses in cowboy style were not encouraging.

Everybody has a car, he says, and ninety per cent of them are Fords, so that on market-day "you have a job to pick out your own car when they are parked." Most of them were made long ago, and have been bought for about £20, second-hand, "or more likely fifth-hand."

Of the weather he says: "It has been very variable—rain one day and brilliant sun the next day; broiling noon and shivering night." The harvest was not expected to be up to the average owing to the damage done by hail-storms, and it was doubtful if the usual excursion trains at reduced rates for harvest labour would be run from the Eastern provinces to the prairie districts.

The Man Canada Wants

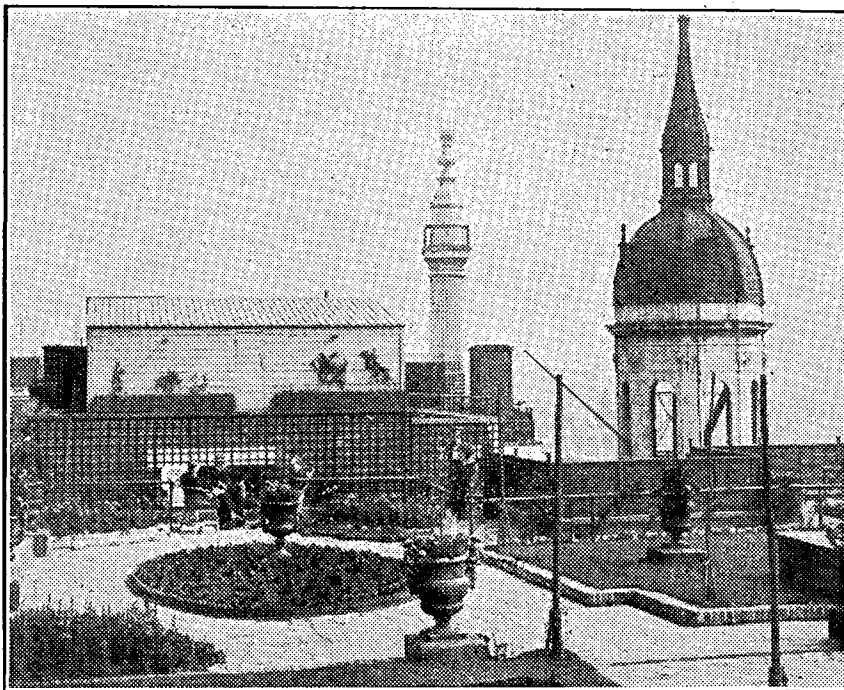
The visiting students expected to work on the prairie harvest-fields for a period of about eight weeks. Our correspondent, who is an engineer student, is modest in his judgment on agricultural matters, but he adds: "We have certainly seen enough already to convince us that the type of man Canada wants is the British man with a little capital, willing to settle, and perhaps to bring a young family to develop new land. There are many ordinary labourers, of too many nationalities, who come just to work for other people's money. Every concession is made to enable a man to settle and work for himself, and if this were better known the overcrowding of England might certainly be lessened."

Our breezy correspondent has stimulated our curiosity, and it will be interesting to hear of the experiences of this large group of student-observers and workers when they return to England in a few weeks.

THE BUTCHERS

We are asked to put on record the fact that when at a sports club a toast was proposed to the Devon and Somerset Stagghounds a procession of diners solemnly rose from their seats and left the room.

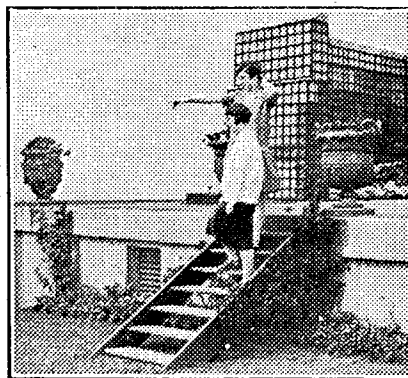
THE GARDEN UP ABOVE LONDON



Adelaide House roof-garden, with the Monument in the background



The fruit trees in the garden have yielded splendid crops



Looking down on the shipping at London Bridge



An 18-hole putting-course on the roof



A flower-bed surrounded by crazy pavement



Gardeners at work on one of the shrubbery borders

A beautiful garden has been laid out on the roof of Adelaide House, the great office building that is so conspicuous near London Bridge. Here workers from the offices in the building can enjoy a wonderful view of London amid floral surroundings, with fruit trees and lawns. There is also a putting course on the roof, which is 170 feet above the street. See page 9

PATHETIC MEMORY ON THE DOWNS

A LONELY MONUMENT NEAR BRIGHTON

The Men of Far-Off Who Passed Through the Fire

A PLACE FOR PILGRIMAGE

Brighton knows, but does England know of a place of pilgrimage on the downs which give that much-visited town its chief attraction to lovers of Nature? I doubt if England knows of it, writes a correspondent.

You leave behind you the long shingly beach and tiers of promenades, where tens of thousands of visitors and a hundred charabancs congregate and pass, by the London road, the park-strewn valley that is the centre of the town, to the village of Patcham, three and a half miles from the sea-front. There you strike up a narrow village lane to the right, pass through a farm-yard, leave the rough cart-road, and diverge gradually up the green down on the left.

In the Quiet of the Downs

The road has dipped down into a valley to the right. There is no road across this down which you are slightly ascending for nearly two miles; but there are faint wheel tracks and foot tracks here and there, showing that others have passed this way fairly often.

The down sweeps round in front of you in horseshoe fashion, a green expanse this year. You are contouring round two-thirds of the way up to its visible summit, and as you approach the toe of the horseshoe, turning toward the right, a white structure, Oriental in its style, appears surrounded by a slight protective fence. When you reach it and look back, with the down still rising somewhat behind you, you see that the white Oriental monument is the very centre of a downland view over a green dale, on either side of which, and beyond, are graceful lines of downs as far as the eye can reach, a view sweet, peaceful, and solitary. Toward this point come all the faint tracks of wheels and feet scarcely seen through the conquering grass. And why?

Where the Pyre was Built

Our thoughts must go to far-off India for the answer. It is given in English on the one side of the snow-white monument and in Hindustani on the other side. Dull of soul must be he who can read it in this lonely, peaceful place unmoved.

To the memory of all the Indian soldiers who gave their lives in the service of their King Emperor in the Great War this Monument, erected on the site of the Funeral Pyre where the Indians and Sikhs who died in hospital in Brighton passed through the fire, is in grateful admiration and brotherly affection dedicated.

By those tracks were their worn bodies brought to be buried here according to the customs of their faith, and here their ashes lie. The monument marks the spot, the deep feeling of that inscription turns our walk into a pilgrimage, and the large, free, open downs breathe an agelong benediction. Picture on page 12

75 TIMES ACROSS A CONTINENT

Australian Car Record

A remarkable man has been visiting our shores. He is Mr. Francis Birtles, a motorist who has crossed Australia 75 times by car in 21 years.

He has brought with him the car, bespattered with Australian mud, in which he made his latest journey of 3500 miles from Port Darwin to Sydney.

INDIA'S NEED OF GOODWILL

THE FRIENDLY APPEAL OF THE VICEROY

Bitter Strife Between the Moslem and the Hindu

AN INDIAN'S WARNING

The Viceroy of India has been appealing to the heart and conscience of the Indian people, begging for goodwill and cooperation among the Moslems and Hindus.

The whole landscape, says he, has been overshadowed by the lowering clouds of strife and the naked, unashamed violation of the law. In the last eighteen months between two and three hundred people have been killed in quarrels and ten times as many injured.

We may all hope Lord Irwin's appeal will not go unheeded. Governing India is always anxious and difficult, but it has been more anxious and difficult than usual during the last few months.

A Dangerous Quarrel

In the height of the Home Rule movement a strong effort was made, to compose the differences between Mohammedan and Hindu, but the quarrels have become worse than for many years.

The followers of the two religions cannot let each other alone. They seem to feel it a duty to say and do exasperating things, and riot and bloodshed follow. A respected and enlightened Hindu religious reformer was not long ago murdered by a fanatical Mussulman, and there were a hundred casualties in an outbreak in the usually tranquil province of Bihar.

A most dangerous quarrel was about a pamphlet published in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, one of the few provinces in which the Mohammedans are in a majority. This pamphlet made a disgraceful attack on the character of the prophet Mohammed.

Wanton Provocation

The author and publisher were prosecuted and sentenced to imprisonment and fines for promoting "feelings of enmity or hatred between different classes of his Majesty's subjects"; but the judgment was reluctantly quashed on appeal to the High Court at Lahore by a judge who is a Sikh by race and Christian by religion. He said he thought the law was intended to prevent attacks on living people, and the pamphlet, while it attacked Mohammed, did not attack Mohammedans.

This made the Mohammedans furious, and meetings of protest have been held all over India. Things were said about the judge which involved punishment for contempt of court, and so added fuel to the fire. Sir Malcolm Hailey, the Governor of the Punjab, acted with the utmost tact and good humour. He said that, while freedom of discussion should be preserved, this sort of attack was a wanton provocation, and he would try to get the law altered to prevent it in future. Meanwhile he ordered another prosecution for a similar offence, and in this case sentence of imprisonment has been confirmed.

Delaying Self-Government

The best comment on all this is contained in a recent declaration in which Sir Muhammad Schafi says:

"When entire communities start running amok, with the result that perfectly innocent Moslems, Hindus, and Sikhs are butchered openly in our streets, not because they are themselves responsible for crimes committed in wanton disregard of all human laws, but simply because they happen to profess their respective faiths, it is childish to talk of full responsible government or Dominion status for India."

Those Indians who believe in a free and self-governed India of the future may well ponder this serious statement by one of themselves.

SCHOLARS OF THE BUSH

Building School and Boarding Teacher

29 MILES FROM A TOWN

It is always interesting to hear what going to school is like in other lands. We have received some notes from the Australian Bush. The district is in New South Wales, far inland.

The Education Department of New South Wales aims at reaching the children in every nook and cranny of a region six times as large as England; even if they are living from 20 to 100 miles distant from any town. Wherever a few families are within a few miles of each other, there, in a central place, a subsidised school with a teacher is maintained. The parents build the school and take it in turn to board the teacher.

School of 12 Scholars

An account of such a school tells us that the nearest township is 29 miles away. The school has twelve scholars from four families. Four of the children live at the home where the little school stands. Five children ride or drive in from five or six miles away; two from three miles away; and one boy walks two miles to school and two miles home again daily. There is no staying at home, for all like going to school. The twelve scholars cover all ages and are taught all subjects, from the first standard to Latin and algebra. They play cricket, football, and tennis, and are all good sports.

At the week-end the teacher rides round to the homes, visits the parents, and keeps in touch with the scholars. Motor-cars can get about in summer, but not in winter—when the tracks are soft.

Happy Life in the Bush

These children living in the distant Bush are strong, healthy, and intelligent. Taught singly in this way they often are far more advanced than the average children in the towns, and win scholarships against them. They are very observant, and know all about the animal and plant life of the Bush, and are exceedingly happy there.

The correspondent who sends us this account of the pleasures of life in the Bush insists that there the true enjoyment of Australia is found, and not in the towns. In short, the picture is so glowing that it would make any reader wish to be there.

TOM SOLOMON

The C.N. has received a correction from a kindly nine-year-old reader at an Otago vicarage in New Zealand.

Some time ago we mentioned King Tami Solomon, of the Moriori race, as being introduced to the Duke of York. Our youthful critic points out that we have mixed two languages in giving the Moriori headman his name.

If we used English it should be Tom Solomon. In his own language it is Tami Horomona. In the native language there is no letter l and no letter s. Therefore Solomon is not allowable unless we make the whole name English and follow the custom of calling him Tom Solomon.

We plead guilty to the charge of mixing the tongues improperly, though unawares, for the Moriori language is beyond our range of knowledge.

We thank our little reader for putting us straight. She says she lived two years on the Chatham Islands, from whence Tami Horomona came, and she often saw him there. May she live a long and happy life on the bigger island she is now on.

SUMMER TIME ENDS

Summer Time comes to an end on Sunday morning, October 2. All clocks and watches must be put back one hour on Saturday night.

THACKERAY'S COUSIN DEAD

A Brave Man Passes On SENIOR V.C. OF THE ARMY

Thackeray's first cousin has just died. The great novelist's kinsman won distinction on his own account.

On September 16, 1857, a fire broke out in the powder magazine at Delhi. At any moment there might have been an explosion which would have destroyed the fort. The enemy, seeing what had happened, concentrated their fire on the magazine. But in spite of all this a second lieutenant of the Royal Engineers dashed to the danger spot and coolly worked there till he had put out the fire and saved Delhi.

He was Edward Talbot Thackeray, then only a lad of twenty. He was 90 when he died in Italy the other day, the senior Army V.C. left after the death of Sir Dighton Probyn in 1924.

At the Capture of Lucknow

He took part in the capture of Lucknow, and had his horse shot under him at Fort Rooyah. Later he fought in the Afghan War, and was severely wounded.

Thackeray was proud of his cousin, and when the young soldier married in 1862 it was from the novelist's house.

Sir Edward had two sons who were conspicuous for their gallantry in the Great War, and he himself was mentioned in despatches and received two Italian war-medals.

The last years of his long life were spent in the sunshine of Italy, where he played much chess and nearly always won his game, taking keen delight in this bloodless campaigning.

It is strange to think that of the two cousins it was the soldier who lived to be 90 while the civilian died at 52. On Christmas Eve in 1863 the great novelist had a sudden effusion of blood to the brain, and was found dead in his bed by the servant who came to call him that morning.

DEATH OF AN EEL

A Friend Lost at Sheffield

Naturalists will be interested in hearing that for many years Sheffield has had an eel that was a semi-domestic pet.

Sheffield beats the world in the number of its fishermen. Its fishing clubs send forth their members in thousands to fish. In 1911 one of its fishermen caught a young eel in Lincolnshire waters and brought it home alive. It only weighed an ounce.

He put it in a tank at the works where he was employed, and it lived there for the last sixteen years, till its length was 33 inches and its weight four pounds.

Sheffield workmen are kindly folks, and the eel came to know their meal times. It would rise to the surface, swim round and be fed by them, sometimes taking food from their hands.

Now it has died, it is feared from some chemical matter that may have fallen into the tank during cleaning operations. Its story is probably unique in eel life.

TWINS

More School Records

Recently the C.N. gave the photographs of five pairs of twins in a Huddersfield school, and we wondered if any other school had an equal record.

From the Infant Department of Radford School, Coventry, comes at once a higher record. This school has six pairs of twins, three of them in the baby class.

A much higher record is shown in a photograph taken at an Infant School in Hull thirteen years ago. The Hull school had ten pairs of twins, eight pairs in one class, and three of the pairs had been born in the same week!

We thank our correspondents for their courtesy in sending this information.

A PLOT FOR FENIMORE COOPER

WILD LIFE OF TODAY

Among the Brigands of the Macedonian Highlands

DJEL GUR AND HIS FATE

Those who sigh for the good old days of Robin Hood may be glad they do not live in Macedonia, where bandits carry on the good old tradition, and honest men breathe a sigh of relief when a band of them is broken up. Such a band was led by the late and very little lamented Djel Gur. It is like a tale from Fenimore Cooper.

Djel Gur had led a band of Katchaks, or Moslem bandits, in the forests of the Macedonian highlands for 32 years. His exploits got into the newspapers. Locally he was much admired.

Hunting the Bandits

When the war came some of Djel Gur's bandits took sides, carrying on their trade of robbery and murder under licence, so to speak, and only a few stuck to the old firm in the forest.

But after the war Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes had had quite as much of the ways of bandits as they wanted, and determined to hunt down the bands, which were returning to their old trade.

The last to feel the resolute hand of justice has been Djel Gur's band, the most notorious of them all. They had captured a youth and held him to ransom. The father was willing to pay. The gendarmes would not hear of it, and set out to hunt down the band and their leader.

The band heard of the coming of the soldiers, and were divided as to the best thing to do. Djel Gur was all against giving up the prisoner. It had never been his practice. It would ruin his reputation to forego a ransom. His second-in-command thought it would be better to give the boy up than wait for the gendarmes to attack them. Djel Gur responded by shooting his lieutenant.

A Free Fight

A fight free to all followed, during which the prisoner prudently ran away. The bandits went on fighting. The noise they made led the gendarmes to the spot, where they found three dead bandits and one living. The living bandit surrendered, saying that he had shot Djel Gur to avenge his comrade the murdered lieutenant.

On the whole, this bandit came out of the conflict better than anyone. Nothing but petty larceny could be proved against him, and he certainly had shot the celebrated Djel Gur. He received ten thousand dinars from the father of the boy who escaped, and is now negotiating for the police reward of 15,000 dinars set on Djel Gur's head.

THREE PEACOCKS OF PETERBOROUGH

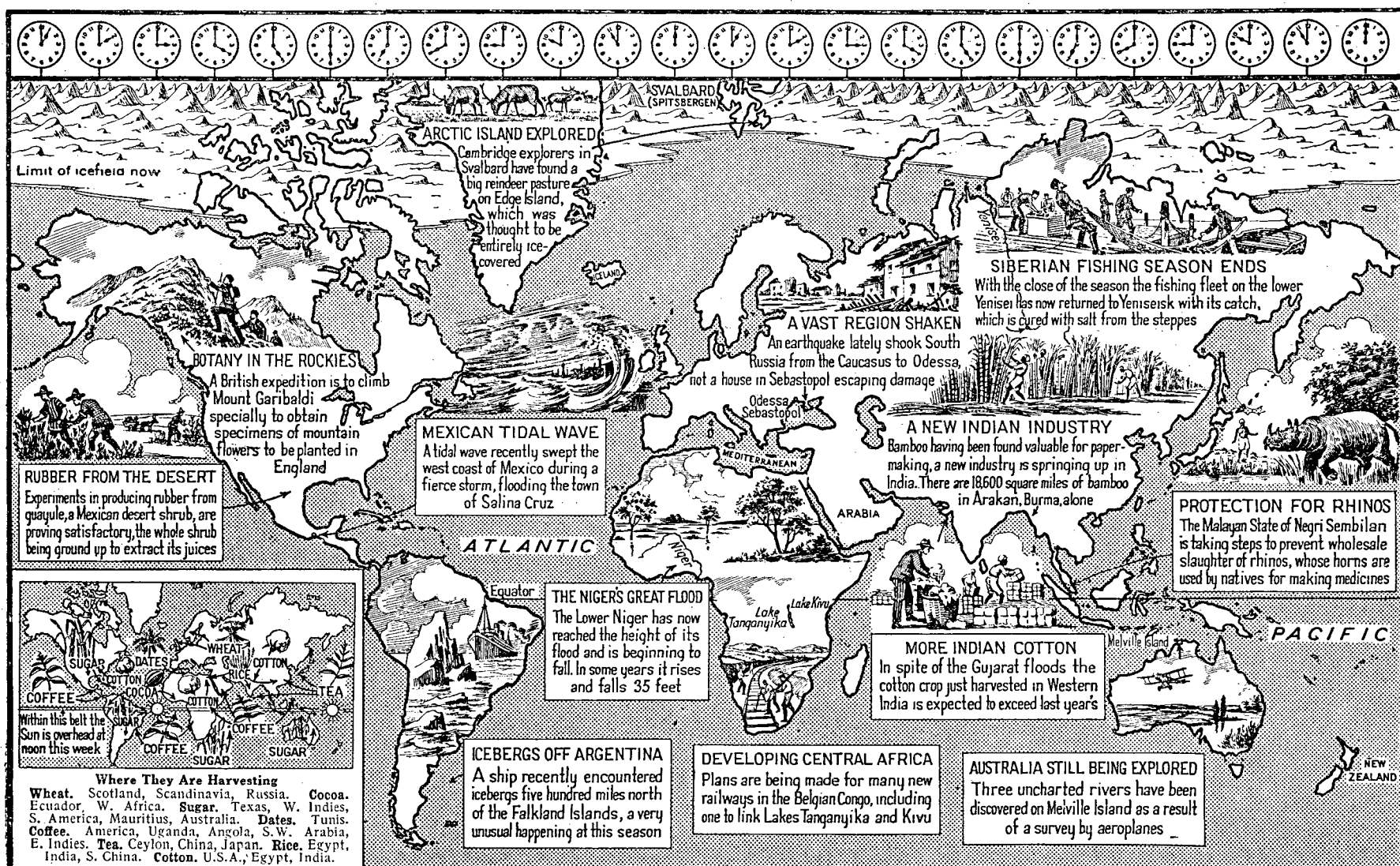
A Little Visit to the Cathedral

A party of tourists visiting Peterborough Cathedral had their minds full of the wonder of that great place the other day when suddenly they were startled by the beating of wings. They turned, saw plumage glimmering green and blue and purple, and recognised three peacocks.

The beautiful birds had flown in from the Deanery garden. Perhaps they wanted to see whether stained-glass windows are really as lovely as a peacock's tail, or whether that was just an idle rumour told by a jealous sparrow.

Two of the birds were caught, but the other flew to a high perch in a side chapel and stayed through the service. We understand that after listening to the organ he has a very low opinion of the musical powers of the nightingale.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WHERE WORDSWORTH WAS GUEST

The Ladies of Llangollen

By offering Plas Newydd to the town of Llangollen at a most moderate price Lord Tankerville has done a very generous thing.

Plas Newydd is a historic old house, covered inside and out with wonderful carved oak, some of it dating from Charles Stuart's time.

It is famous as the home of the Ladies of Llangollen. They were Lady Eleanor Butler, sister of the 17th Earl of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby. Both, it is said, had false lovers, so they left the world in disgust, and lived in this lonely vale content with each other's friendship and their collection of old oak.

The world followed the ladies who had deserted it. Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, Wilberforce, Burke, Daniel O'Connell, and the Duke of Wellington were a few of the distinguished people who came to see the quaint old house and to talk with the quaint old ladies.

And they were quaint indeed: they wore men's riding coats and starched neck cloths, men's shoes, beaver hats, and powdered hair done as men did it in their youth. Lady Eleanor also wore orders, stars, crosses, and ribbons like a king. But Wordsworth wrote a poem in praise of their friendship, so we must not make fun of them.

One of the most interesting things at Plas Newydd is the staircase, for each of its panels was presented to the ladies by a guest, and they bear the initials of the givers. At Plas Newydd everything (even the flower garden fence) is carved, and all is worth seeing.

The Vale is so lovely that the Ladies seem to have been very happy, and in spite of their broken hearts one lived to be 90 and the other to 76.

THE CLOVER AND THE MOSQUITO

A Very Curious Suggestion

In some parts of the coast of Holland as well as in Argentina, wild clover is being planted because where it flourishes the malarial mosquito does not thrive.

What the mosquito's particular dislike for the clover field may be is not quite ascertained, but Sir W. Willcocks declares that in the Delta lands of Egypt, where there should be plenty of breeding-places for the malarial mosquito, it is little found, but that clover fields are everywhere. Sir W. Willcocks has vast experience of irrigation areas, and his opinion that clover is a preventive of mosquitoes is of great weight.

In a general way the cultivation of land clears away mosquitoes by drying-up their breeding-places, but it may be that clover is in some way unsuited to them when they are past the larval stage. It is a subject worth considering, for it is certain that mosquitoes do disappear from some countries. The malarial mosquito has gone from all but a very few places in England, where in the Middle Ages it was rife.

A CAT AND A BIRD

Touching Story of Dumb Life

Cats and birds, like dogs and cats, are rarely friends, but when such friendships are made they are very real.

Not long ago a black cat lost a jackdaw which had been its close companion for five years, and the bird's death seemed to make life not worth living for the cat. It refused to feed, and at last became so ill and weak that it was taken to the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals at Bethnal Green.

No wonder the cat was fretting over its loss, for the jackdaw had been its daily playmate. The two had fed together, and their friendly relations were so good that the jackdaw would often settle on the sleeping cat's back, and both would doze in comfort.

ALL FROM THE SUGAR CANE

Wonderful Things it Gives and Does

A new use has been found for the soft, fibrous inside of the sugar-cane.

A model house with walls lined of this material was shown at an exhibition in Birmingham. The fibre is beaten into boards, and they say it is warmer and more sound-deadening than felt, and will keep a room cool in summer by resisting external heat and warm in winter by retaining inside heat. It is being used in some of the broadcasting studios, in telephone silence cabinets, and in railway carriages, and is becoming so popular that the production increased from 12 million square feet in 1921 to 350 million last year!

Another exhibit was a machine for planing and polishing floors, which can be used in the same way as a vacuum cleaner.

THE LITTLE LAMP AGLOW

And the Miracle in the Pocket

It is probable that the United States police will shortly be supplied with pocket wireless sets.

The whole device is contained in a small box which fits the pocket and holds, among other things, a miniature valve and tiny batteries. The policeman will also be provided with a pair of collapsible ear-phones, and the aerial will consist of a short wire stretching from the lapel of his coat.

When an alarm is broadcast from headquarters a tiny lamp in the policeman's jacket will light up; this is the signal to listen-in. He will take out his ear-phones and, provided he is not more than three and a half miles away, will be able to listen to any announcements from his station.

It is to be hoped that programmes from the local broadcasting stations will not prove too distracting for him.

WAS THERE A STONE AGE SCOT?

Beyond the Border in the Ice Age

Did the Old Stone Age people whose remains have been found so abundantly in Southern England and on the Continent inhabit Scotland?

This question has long been asked, and most people competent to judge have answered No. In fact, Scotland was supposed to have been covered by great ice-fields and glaciers when Palaeolithic man hunted in the milder English climate. But it has recently been shown that these ancient people only lived in England in the warm periods between the domination of the country by ice, and that Scotland may have been habitable by early man when these genial conditions prevailed.

Now a discovery has been made which looks like exploding for good the view that Palaeolithic man never lived in North Britain, for in certain caves of a limestone bluff near Inchnadamff, in Sutherlandshire, have been found two deposits rich in animal bones, and associated with some definite remains of human beings. The upper deposit contained many bones of existing species of animals and two parts of a human skeleton, and in the lower deposit were vast numbers of shed and broken antlers of young reindeer, together with the bones of animals that could have lived only in an Arctic climate.

A number of these specimens show the handiwork of man in shaping and cutting, and the position in which they were found and their fossil condition make it fairly certain that here lived some people of Palaeolithic times, about fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. In one of the inner parts of the caves were remains of the cave bear, a creature not hitherto found in Scotland.

So grows our knowledge of the past, and ideas which for years have been regarded as true beyond doubt are shown to be without foundation.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 1 1927

Anything But the Truth

IN Chicago, a city which fills a very small place in the history of the world, the Mayor was making himself notorious the other day by declaring that he would tell the truth about us. We wonder how he is getting on.

He said his first step would be to root out from the schools all the history books which had a good word to say about England, and would put in their place all the old stories which made her out to be mean and treacherous.

England will go on her way in the world without taking much notice of the Mayor of Chicago, of whom most of her people would never have heard if he had not talked nonsense so loudly. But thoughtful men in the United States feel that, though men like the Mayor of Chicago can do harm to England, the rubbish he is going to substitute for the truth will hurt America most. It will do more: it will set back the peace and goodwill of the world.

It is not always easy to tell the truth, but it is very easy to tell a lie, and a lie with a good start will go round the world, running on sometimes for hundreds of years, while the less interesting correction of its falseness toils after it in vain. It always does harm on its journey.

In the end it is run down. The lie may struggle, squeal, protest, but when it is caught it is done with. It is up against something stronger than itself. It is up against history. And the facts of history will not budge. There they stand, and the more closely they are examined the harder they are found to be.

They are not always pleasing to national pride or national prejudice. All nations and peoples have done things in their history for which they have been sorry and ought to be ashamed. But no nation is improved by being accused of what it did not do, and every nation becomes worse by bearing false witness.

Nations are like people when they quarrel. There is usually a lie somewhere at the back of it, and when the quarrel is in full swing one lie begets many more, so that in the end there is not a single good thing they will believe about one another.

Till peace descends on all peoples we shall never prevent that. But they make things far worse who try to hide the truth. The people who strive to tell the truth about their neighbours, even when such truths are sad or not favourable to the teller, are the best peacemakers.

When all the nations know the truth about themselves and the others the reign of peace will be at hand, because, as a famous Frenchman once said, to know all is to forgive all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Long Way Back

A PEER has written to The Times who remembers another peer who knew an earl who once saw a man who was on the scaffold with Charles Stuart.

A Tale of Master Minnow

It is a little late, this story told by Mr. Vachell, the novelist. It was told to him by a former Head of Harrow, that great man Dr. Montagu Butler.

Vachell and Butler were talking about being disconcerted, and Butler confessed that he was seldom put out, but that once, at Harrow, he certainly felt at a loss for words. It happened thus:

He had been "swishing" several small boys early in the morning. Mrs. Butler at the time was inviting boy by boy to breakfast in order to get to know them, and when Dr. Butler went into breakfast one morning he saw the usual boy on the hearthrug and heard his wife's kind voice: "Dear, this is Minnow Minor." He recognised the little boy he had just been thrashing! Taken aback, he was dumb, but the youngster, glancing at Mrs. Butler, observed calmly: "The Headmaster and I have met before this morning!"

The Sleepy Heads

Good-night, sleep well, dear friends the flowers!

No longer we shall play together;
You dream away the wintry hours,
But children face the wind and weather.
The Sun will wake you with a kiss
And Spring will bring you gay apparel,
But, oh, you silly things, you miss
The Yule fire and the Christmas carol.

The Shadow Over Our Pleasures

THE C.N. has protested until its readers must be tired against the abominable use of celluloid.

It is used for children's toys, in spite of the fact that it will burst into flame as they play with them by the fire; it is used for hair-slides, in spite of the fact that the heat of the Sun will set it on fire out-of-doors; it is used to the very great peril of our cinemas, in spite of many disasters.

Now there has been another bitter tragedy, and five more lives have been laid on the altar of the celluloid film.

It is more than time that the scandal was stopped. The cinema trade is the greatest get-rich-quick trade in the world; it has millions and millions of money. Yet it persistently refuses to safeguard our cinemas by adopting the safety film which science put into its hands so many years ago. Safety is a little more expensive than danger, and so our cinemas are subject to the risk of films made of the most inflammable stuff in the world.

It is a shadow for ever creeping across the pleasures of the people, and the C.N. hopes a voice will cry out in Parliament until even that place, so hard of hearing, is bound to listen.

Puzzling

It is said that on one occasion Einstein, the great scientist, met another great man, Lord Rayleigh, to whom he tried to explain his new theory of Relativity. Lord Rayleigh listened with much attention, and said finally:

"If your theories are sound I understand it is open to us to affirm that the Norman Conquest has not yet occurred?"

We are not told what Einstein said, but it all seems very puzzling.

Tip-Cat

A LADY asks, can one get a bonnet nowadays? Only by buying the motor-car with it.

It is difficult, a motorist complains, to drive a "baby" car in a crowded street. He ought to carry it.

AMERICA'S Bread King is on a Continental holiday. Is, in fact, taking a loaf round.

THE astronomers think the Sun may blow up one day. What will the Riviera do then?

THE work in Piccadilly shows what the British workman can do if he likes. He doesn't like some jobs, though he always takes his pick.

It is not true, we believe, that sandal wood comes from boot-trees.

MUSSOLINI declares he is now living on his nerves. Well, that is better than getting on everybody else's.

THERE is much to be said for the dress which leaves the arms bare. Except that when you want to laugh up your sleeve you can't.

To a correspondent: We do not know if the cotton reels with laughter when the shuttle spins a yarn.

JAMAICA is putting a tax on bananas. It is believed that all the other taxpayers have been skinned.

THE Home Secretary says that during his holiday he was nearly lost. Surely not in thought?

Peter Puck On Losing

The ways of losing fights are many, And some are well, some badly, done; But this way is the worst of any— To lose before the fight's begun.

A Prayer for Peace

O HIDDEN Life of God, outside which nothing can exist, help us to see Thee in the face of our enemies, and to love Thee in them, so that Thy Peace shall spread over our world and Thy will at last be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven.

A Little Bundle at Chelmsford

By a Doctor's Wife

We most gladly publish this little story of a chicken, with its touches of humour and pathos. It is true, and comes from a well-known house in Chelmsford.

SHE was ugly; she was dirty; in every way she was the ugly duckling of the family of downy little chickens hatched on a spring morning.

When I saw her first she was about three hours old, a little hunched-up bundle on the ground. The gardener's boy regarded her with grimdisapproval.

"That one'll never grow up, ma'am," he said; "better let me wring its neck." But Patricia of the tender heart exclaimed: "Oh, Mummie, the poor little chicken! Can't we do something for it?"

A Comical-Looking Figure

So we took the poor morsel of fluff away from its unfeeling parent and made it a cosy nest with cotton-wool in an old work-basket. This we deposited in the linen cupboard near the hot-water tank, and there Vera spent the first few weeks of her life.

When the days got warmer she was taken out for airings in the doll's pram, a comical-looking little figure with a doll's woollen bonnet on her misshapen head. But as the weather grew warmer Vera improved. She was as thin as thin could be, but she was perpetually eating.

She did not care for grain, but used to come to the kitchen door and walk boldly into the kitchen, and ask the cook as plainly as she could for any scraps that were going. She was fond of picking bones, and I have seen her take one from our retriever and eat the meat with much relish.

She had no fear of strangers, and would let anyone pick her up. She would stalk unconcernedly over the tennis court in the middle of a game. At night she shared the kennel with the dog, lying between his paws.

When Colder Weather Came

But Vera showed a great partiality for the young seeds just sprouting, and ate up so many of the young shoots that she was at last put with the other chickens. She pined so persistently, however, and waited so patiently by the door of the chicken-house to be let out that we realised that if we wanted to keep her she must be one of the family once more. So we let her out, and again she roamed round the garden at will.

But as the summer days passed and the colder weather started Vera flagged. She still attacked her food with relish, but her poor legs refused to carry her more than a few steps. When Patricia came in one day and told me that Vera did not want her dinner I felt the end of Vera's days had come. That evening we put her to bed in the kennel for the last time, and next morning she lay dead between the dog's paws, as we had left her. We laid her in a little grave in the garden she loved.

October 1, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE LOST SEAL FOUND AFTER 200 YEARS

A Town Has a Rare Piece of
Good Fortune

THE POOR WOMAN'S PRECIOUS SALT-CELLAR

After being lost for more than two hundred years a treasure has just been returned to its owner. The owner is Pontefract in Yorkshire.

This borough ordered a silver seal to be made for its mayor in 1638, when Charles the First was on the throne and Milton had just published his immortal Lycidas. The seal, which was for civic use, was made in London, and we suppose that it travelled in some horse-man's pocket all the myriads of miles that lay between the silversmith's shop in town and the mayor's house in Pontefract.

The Corporation approved of it, and it was included in the civic inventory and carefully kept. If it could have felt it would have been proud of its own importance, for it was only used on imposing occasions and it was kept in a lustrous state of polish. But these good times for the Seal of Pontefract were not to last.

How the Seal was Found

In 1701 the mayor, William Stable, resigned his office, and died soon afterwards, before he had given up the muni-ments. There was some delay before his executors did this, and then it was discovered that the mayoral seal was lost. From 1703 till lately no trace of the seal could be found.

Of course the seal was of no use to a private individual, and Pontefract was obliged to think that, unless a jackdaw had hidden it in some cranny of a wall, the seal had been stolen and melted down. But the other day Major W. B. Arundel died, and when his daughter was going through his possessions she found a blackened old seal which, after it had been cleaned, proved to be the lost treasure. It had gone unrecognised for more than two centuries!

In a Small Seaside Town

Major Arundel was one of Pontefract's most loyal citizens, and was coroner for 35 years, so that it would have pleased him greatly if he had been able to restore the long-lost seal. His daughter has done it for him.

The seal's adventure reminds us of a true story told by a seller of antiques in a small seaside town. One day a poor and timid woman asked him to buy a pin-tray. She showed him a small black object which might once have been plated but had lost every trace of silver. Because she was evidently in distress and he is a charitable man he bought it. "I shall put it in the Shilling Tray," he told his wife, as he began to rub it up.

The Tarnished Salt-Cellar

Suddenly he could hardly believe his eyes; the silver began to gleam through the blackness. Now they know that it is a Charles the Second salt-cellar of great value. Every day they look out for the poor woman who sold it, partly because they want to pay her more money and partly because she may have three more salt-cellars to match this one.

Nothing but long burial in the earth could have tarnished the silver to such an extent that it could deceive even an expert's eye. Evidently, says the dealer, this salt-cellar was stolen and hidden by a burglar who was never able to return for his booty. Generations afterwards someone dug it up, and in its discoloured state could not guess its value.

A FEW ODD THINGS ABOUT PARIS

THE Paris police have devised an ingenious scheme for avoiding congestion in narrow streets. People who wish to park their cars while they do their shopping must leave them on the odd-numbered side of the street on the odd-numbered days of the month, and on the even-number side on the even-numbered days.

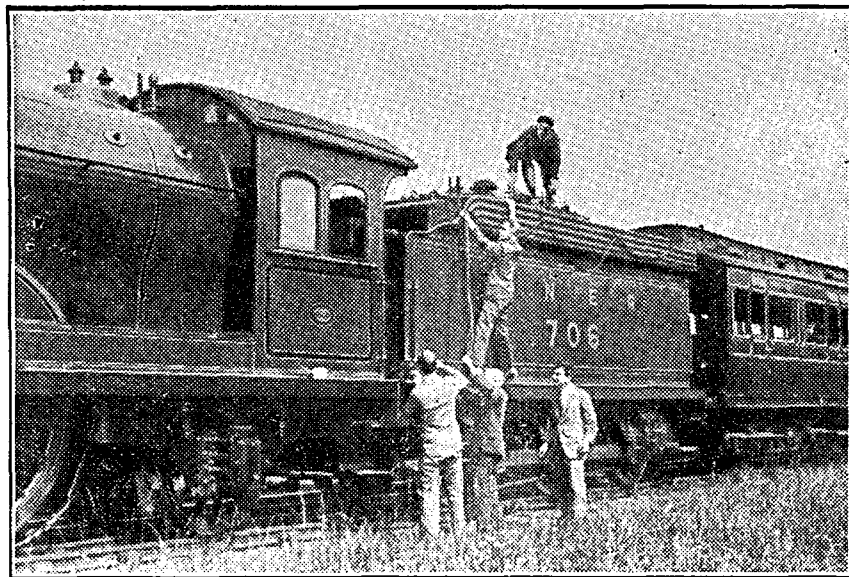
This law has been the cause of some misunderstanding on the part of tourists. One American was moved each day for a whole week from one side of the road to the other. The American's excuse was that each time he had been obeying the instructions of the day before.

This is only one of the many quaint laws across the Channel. For instance,

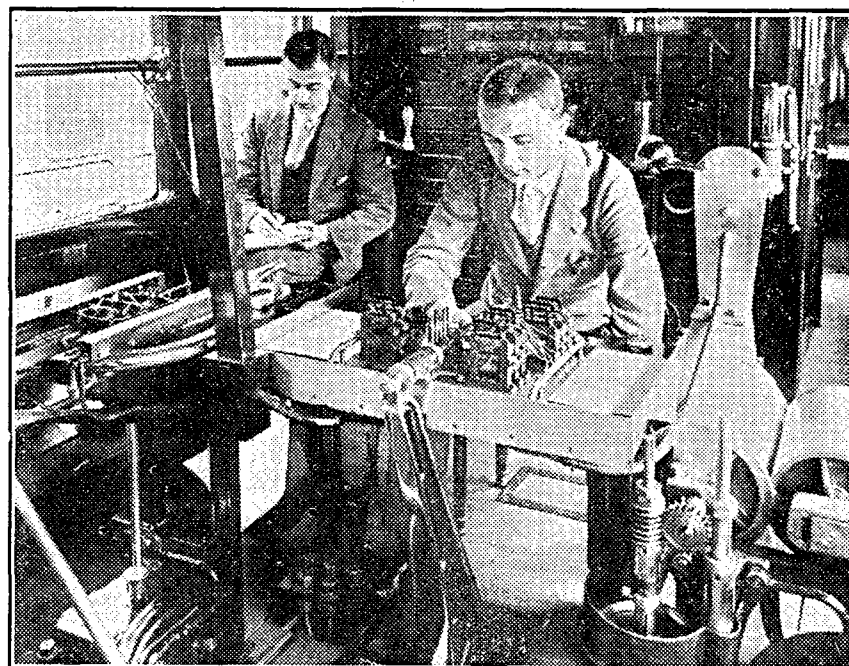
it is forbidden to sell flowers in Paris markets before four in the morning until after April 1, on which day the police allow the flower-sellers to start their trade at three.

Again, owing to the fact that very often there are seven or eight shops in a block all sharing the same number there is a law which prevents any two shops of the same number from doing the same trade. In one part of Paris there are two shops, practically next door to each other, of which one may sell packets of tea with bread and butter, but not cups of tea and buttered bread. The other is a teashop, and may sell cups of tea with bread and butter, but not the separate articles.

TESTING THE GIANT LOCOMOTIVE



Connecting wires between the engine cab and the dynamometer car



Recording the work done by the locomotive

The powerful engines which the railway companies have been building lately are tested by means of a dynamometer car, which contains instruments for measuring the coal and water consumption, the pulling power, and other characteristics of the locomotive. These pictures show experiments being carried out with one of the Atlantic type of L.N.E.R. engines

SOMETHING WONDERFUL TO SEE

New Wonder of Steel

A new invention likely to cause great changes in the sheet steel industry is a machine which turns out a continuous run of sheet steel.

It may be likened to a paper machine, in which the mixture of pulp, water, and size in a huge tank is run into the machine at one end and comes out as a band of paper at the other end.

In the new machine molten steel is fed into machinery which turns out a continuous delivery of steel sheets at the other end.

SAVING SHEPHERD'S WHEEL

An Old Custom to Carry On

In Whiteley Wood, one of Sheffield's parks, is an old water wheel known as Shepherd's Wheel.

This old wheel was for very many years used in grinding cutlery, but as it does not comply with the factory regulations it was condemned. The Home Secretary was approached, however, with the result that the old wheel is to be saved, and in one portion of it a reproduction of an old cutler's shop is to be erected, so that the old method of re-grinding cutlery will be preserved.

ALONE IN THE ARCTIC

FATE OF A GALLANT
ENGLISHMAN

Deserted and Starved in a Far
Northern Island

HECTOR PITCHFORTH IN WAR AND PEACE

Many men have had the good fortune to survive an Arctic winter: wrecked crews, explorers on ships and on the ice; the heroic Nansen made a great journey afoot and alone; Stefansson makes light of Arctic trials and hardships, and calls the land friendly.

The latest case of a heroic endurance of Arctic conditions is very poignant. Here was one man, solitary in Baffin Land, brave, voluntarily exiled, content with hardship and silence, yet death stalked and slew him.

The Call of the Arctic

Hector Pitchforth was a figure straight out of drama; a university man, learned in more than one science, who braved the perils of the war in a little mine-sweeper; then, at the coming of peace, betook himself to the melancholy grandeur of the great Arctic island which commemorates William Baffin. There he dwelled amid Eskimos, commanding the Farthest North of the posts of a London trading house.

Why did he choose to live solitary, remote from civilisation? Ask the Arctic man why he returns to the scene of his sufferings. There is a mystic charm beyond all withstanding for those who are reached by the soundless call of the empty Arctic—three months of summer, nine months of winter, thirteen weeks of total darkness; bitter cold, precarious food supply, manifold perils, yet for certain kinds of men a fascination not to be questioned but simply answered.

Content to Stay

For seven years Hector Pitchforth collected furs from the Eskimos, stored them for the trading steamer, and despatched them home when it arrived, bringing him fuel, food, and stores in return. He was content and in the prime of life; he indulged his passion for geology, followed his bent for scientific map-making, and sent home valuable charts.

In 1924 a second Englishman, a courageous youngster named Harry Wigglesworth, arrived at the island and proposed to share the solitude with Pitchforth for a season. "No, my boy, not this season," was the answer. "This is not the place for you. Come back next year when I have got a better house in a better place, with native clothes of skin in readiness for you." So the two parted.

The ship that should have carried supplies to the lonely man was caught by the ice and imprisoned all through 1925. Throughout 1926 he waited for the ship that never came, his fuel and food running lower and lower. An inspector of the Royal Canadian Police out on sledge duty met him far from his home, suffering from snow blindness, and offered to take him with him. But the lonely man refused to leave.

A Lonely Death

We know from the diary he left that his few Eskimos deserted him and that he bore his privations alone. His last entry shows that he was alive, slowly starving and freezing to death, until after last Christmas, and that his release must have come on or about the first day of the present year. It was the Canadian Government's Arctic expedition of the summer that found his poor bones and tragic records.

It is a sad and bitter story and, like the lives lost in Stefansson's own expedition, is a sharp retort to the too-easy assurances we often hear that life is easy, happy, and safe in the Arctic.

STATUES NOBODY OWNS

What Happens to Them OLD CAPTAIN CORAM AND SIR HENRY IRVING

Let London's grime fall over their stones. They are only poor statues which nobody owns.

Nothing is quite so lonely as the neglected statue. It does not even share in the great autumn cleaning now spreading over the land. The Houses of Parliament, and other houses less important, are prepared for the return from the holidays. But the charwoman with broom and pail passes the statue by.

Presently the statue, standing up so bravely in the fog and the rain, becomes so streaked with soot that people pass it by, forgetting whose it was. It is a sad thing to admit, but the names of public-houses are better remembered than those of statues.

Nobody's Business

It seems as if nobody had a thought for them. There was old Captain Coram, for example, whose charity saved thousands of babies and who built the Foundling Hospital for them. The Foundling Hospital has met with the sad fate of disappearing London, and the statue of Captain Coram will go with it. Yet Captain Coram is part of the history of London, and part of the growth of that finer feeling of humanity which takes care of neglected things—and unwanted babies. It would have been worth while to keep this great Londoner in London.

There is the statue of Sir Henry Irving, too, a great actor who delighted thousands while he lived, and who is a part of the history of the English stage. His statue was so grimed that at last an actor and an actress took the matter into their own hands and had it cleaned at their own expense. They had some difficulty in getting permission. It was nobody's business to clean it, but the local authorities were suspicious of anybody who wanted to interfere with its dirt.

Soot-Grimed Statues

There may be other statues worse treated. That of James the Second, the runaway king, dressed up like a Roman Emperor, hovered between Whitehall, the Mall, and Trafalgar Square for some years before settling down to its present obscurity. The Iron Duke was banished from Hyde Park Corner. The Embankment statues are with difficulty recognised through their sooty coating and denounced for not being more beautiful. There are effigies of great men and lesser men on Government buildings and on various buildings in the City which are fading gloomily out of sight.

It ought to be someone's business to keep their faces bright. The men to whom the statues were raised were great men in their day, and took a part in building the life of the city in which they stand. They cost nothing. They give a great deal. We might spare them a little soap and water.

THE SUN IN THE BANK

Vita-glass Overhead

The new Bank of England, which is being built to last a thousand years, is lighted from overhead windows glazed with vita-glass, to admit the ultra-violet rays of the Sun to the clerks below.

The reason for having overhead windows is that it was found impracticable to put in enough windows facing the street to light the interior satisfactorily, and the new arrangement saves both money and eyesight by making artificial illumination unnecessary.

ABUSE OF A GREAT CLASSIC

Rewriting Gilbert and Sullivan

FAMOUS OPERA CHEAPENED

Musical England will be horrified to learn that a group of foreigners has rewritten *The Mikado* and turned it into a revue.

The daring renovators are Germans. Herr Jerzy Fitelberg has, as it were, syncopated Sullivan's music, although he has not meddled with any of the favourite songs, while two other gentlemen have rewritten the libretto, filling it with German slang and inserting jokes about wireless and airships. The plot, too, has suffered. Instead of being a Japanese Nanki-poo is turned into an American, and his father, a rich sugar king, wants to force him into marriage with Katisha, daughter of a fruit king, in order to cement a business deal with a view to forming a marmalade trust.

Many an enthusiast will grind his teeth when he hears that Nanki-poo sings "A Wandering Minstrel, I" in Oxford trousers and a blazer with brass buttons. This is what comes of letting an actor play Hamlet in plus-fours!

It is said that the mishandled English opera makes an excellent revue, but we wonder what Gilbert and Sullivan would think of it all! Would they be more astonished to find the music jazzed into Charleston rhythm or to see a motor-car driven across the stage? These things were not dreamed of when *The Mikado* was new and took Victorian England by storm.

THE LITTER LOU

A Sunday School Idea

A Gloucestershire reader tells us that in the beautiful country round Stroud an interesting and successful effort has been made to deal with one aspect of the litter question.

In a local Sunday School a brigade has been formed to clear the roads and pavements of the orange peel and banana skins which thoughtless people throw about. Each member of the brigade is pledged to kick all such dangerous and unsightly refuse into the gutter. Each child has a badge on which is stamped a banana and an orange. Many of the children also include in their public duties the removing of waste paper from the streets.

The brigade is known, for short, by the letters O.B.P.K., or Orange and Banana Peel Kickers.

We hear that the good effects of this excellent movement can be seen clearly in the greater tidiness of the streets, and we hope the O.B.P.K. will surely shame offenders into better manners.

TEN WEEKS OF LIFE

And Eight Stoppages of the Heart

Eight times in her first ten weeks of life Vivian Layland's heart stopped beating. Seven times oxygen was given, and once the heart had to be massaged.

Vivian Layland is the baby daughter of Mrs. Layland, of Balmain, New South Wales. When she was five weeks old she was admitted to the Balmain District Hospital in Sydney suffering from bronchial pneumonia. A few hours afterwards her heart stopped beating. Oxygen was administered, and each time the heart stopped it was again given.

The eighth time the heart stopped the doctor had to massage it back to action. It stopped for one and a half minutes. When last we heard of Vivian this little baby, after a hard struggle, was recovering, and was gaining four and a half ounces in weight each week. We hope she will grow up to read in the C.N. of the Disarmament of All Nations.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A herring 24 inches long was caught in a Berwickshire salmon stake net.

About 125 million poppies have been sold on Poppy Day since the collection was started in 1921.

The number of stags butchered to make a Devon and Somerset holiday is about 200 every year.

Since 1914 the number of persons in common lodging-houses in London has fallen from 20,000 to less than 16,000.

Poor Pussy

A woman has been seen in Shaftesbury Avenue, London, with a cat on a lead!

Long Ago

The Dean of Winchester reminds us that his grandfather was born in 1750 and his father seven years before Waterloo.

Doggy's Tail

At a Blackpool dog show in November a prize is to be given for the dog that wags its tail best.

A New Sunlight League

Coventry factory workers have started a Sunlight League entitling its members to baths of artificial sunlight.

The Showman's Dog

A Punch and Judy showman at Ilfracombe refused a motorist's offer of £5 for his dog Toby, but accepted ten guineas.

The Motor-car and the War

More people have been killed in America by motor-cars since the war than the number of Americans who fell in the war.

Grants for Tree-Planting

The Forestry Commissioners offer to landowners grants of £2 an acre toward the cost of planting conifers and £4 an acre for hardwoods.

The Careless Ninety

Of the landowners asked for information by the Forestry Commission not long ago only 10 per cent answered the questions.

The Policeman's Surprise

A Parisian policeman in plain clothes who had been detailed to keep an eye on certain suspected persons on the boulevards found on returning home that he had been relieved of his pocket-book.

The Bus Ticket Nuisance

A C.N. visitor to Brighton reminds us that the corporation of that town has adopted the excellent plan of providing boxes for bus tickets, so saving the street litter which still disgraces London.

THE RARE BIRD

And the Common Man

A Yorkshire reader sends us a clipping from a Dewsbury newspaper describing how, on the sewage farm at Dewsbury Moor a man has shot "a somewhat rare" bird which had ventured to visit the neighbourhood. It was the female of a pair of black-necked grebes.

Evidently the man has been interviewed respecting this act, and, our correspondent says, he is described "as if he had done something heroic." He told the reporter that "the bird could swim and dive with great ease, and he was struck by its peculiar feat."

Well, it can swim and dive no longer, and its mate is disconsolate. But to the man with the gun and to the reporter with the pencil ready to record the destruction of a creature "somewhat rare" on Dewsbury Moor this death-dealing is a cause for human pride!

Other birds that visit the place, and may be killed presumably, are mentioned. And this is paraded in the British Press at a time when millions of British people are proud of the fact that in many sanctuaries rare bird life is being protected and led to have confidence in the sympathy of human beings!

When will people learn that the love of killing felt by our half-savage ancestors is for thinking men and women not a cause for pride but for sheer disgust? The C.N. for one is heartily ashamed of it all.

THE CHIMPANZEES AT TEA

Bobo at Home MURPHY AND HIS WOODEN HORSE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has a new baby chimpanzee, a lively, amiable little creature two years old, known as Bobo.

As Bobo had been a domestic pet, she was indignant when her owner motored her to the Zoo and placed her in a cage, and as at that time she was only in the menagerie on deposit, and had therefore to be housed in the Sanatorium, away from visitors and other members of her own kind, the young ape cried bitterly unless the keepers entertained her. Now, however, Bobo actually belongs to the Zoo, and is living with other baby chimpanzees.

To Take Jackie's Place

This new ape is small physically, but shows signs of considerable intelligence; she is partly trained and can eat off a plate and drink out of a cup, and it is hoped she will soon be able to join the chimpanzee tea-party. She is obedient, and extremely friendly with adult visitors, but unfortunately, like most baby apes, Bobo is jealous of children, and cannot be trusted to play with them. She also prefers men to women, and on no account will she allow a woman to nurse her if there is a man present.

Bobo will be a welcome addition to the chimpanzee tea-party because it is feared that Jackie, the most intelligent of the apes, may have to be asked to retire. Jackie's performance is perfect, but, unfortunately, he is no longer easy to manage. He is now six, and feels that he should be allowed to please himself. At times he is remarkably good tempered, but at others he becomes unruly; and as he has cut his second teeth and is capable of giving a severe bite Jackie has to be watched carefully.

Winter Tea-Parties

The tea-party is such a success that it is to be continued all winter, but as the chimpanzees cannot be driven to the Mappin Terraces each afternoon during the cold weather they will perform in the North Mammal House.

Murphy, the tamest of the Zoo's orang-utans, is so jealous of the popularity of these little chimpanzees that he, too, is doing a "star" turn. He has been given a wooden horse, and, seated on it and wearing a red velvet cap, he careers up and down the service passage at the back of the Experimental Monkey House.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE BEAR

Picking Out Its Friend

All visitors to the London Zoo have watched with amused admiration the cleverness of the bears on the Mappin Terraces in beguiling people into feeding them; but recent visitors to the famous bear-pit at Berne describe an even cleverer bear which now performs there.

One of our readers describes how when she was at Berne she saw a lady lean over the pit where the large bears are with a bottle of milk in her hand, whereupon a bear placed itself in position under her and opened its mouth. The lady then poured down a steady stream of milk which the bear cleverly caught in its mouth.

When the bottle was half emptied the lady joined the crowd on the opposite side of the pit. The deserted bear then walked round the pit, scrutinising the crowd above it till it discovered its benefactor. At once, licking its lips, it sat down in front of her, opened its mouth, and appealed to her for more. Leaning over the wall, she poured out the remainder of the milk, and the bear cleverly caught it all.

KILLING SOMETHING

The Man With the Gun Again

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING PAIN TO INNOCENT CREATURES

We published last week the protest of our Natural Historian against the shooting of sea-lions in Canada. We are asked this week to print a letter which appeared not long ago in the Scotsman from Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, who was sickened by witnessing on the west coast of Scotland cruelties similar to those which have made the name of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds a byword among many sportsmen.

Last week in Loch Craignish (writes Mr. Batten) I saw a visitor firing at every seal that showed its head above the surface. He shot at seven during the brief interval that I was watching, but how many he killed or wounded neither he nor I could tell, since all of them sank immediately. Apparently he meant to go on shooting till eventually the one in twenty remained on the surface.

Seal as a Pet

The fact that seals are destructive to the fisheries has no bearing upon the ethics of British sport, apart from the fact that there are no fisheries to speak of about Loch Craignish, while, in spite of the seals, the rivers are full of sea-trout and salmon.

A year or so ago on the same loch a wounded seal came ashore, and next morning a crofter found her lying dead with her two little ones dead beside her. This year a fisherman and his family made quite a pet of a young seal which used to come ashore along with its mother near their home. The two were so tame that the mother basked and watched while the children petted the calf, but one day she came ashore covered with blood from a rifle wound, and died while they looked on.

A Pathetic Sight

Thereafter the conduct of the little one was one of the most pathetic things ever witnessed. It cried like a child, appealing to its mother and trying to rouse her, and though every effort was made to save it this was evidently beyond human power. At this time of the year such incidents must be numerous, though they are so rarely witnessed by human beings.

I give the facts because humanity is inseparably interlinked with the prestige of British sportsmanship, and however destructive a bird or beast may be we must either uphold certain codes or we must allow such acts as the killing of a stag and the heedless massacre of the seals to pass without comment.

COOL HEADS IN COOL HATS

A Parade in Abraham Lincoln's Town

The inhabitants of Springfield, in Illinois, have lately been greatly at loggerheads about hats. It was there, by the way, that Abraham Lincoln used to wear his shabby tall hat.

The question on which they have been experimenting there is whether straw hats are really cool. A committee was appointed under the control of the Meteorological Office, and twelve men were chosen to parade the streets for two hours in the full sun. Four of them wore straw hats, four wore soft felt hats, and the remaining four wore tall silk hats. A thermometer was placed inside each hat.

The result showed that the average temperature of the four soft felt hats was the lowest (48 degrees Centigrade), the temperature of the four tall silk hats was a little higher (50 degrees), and the temperature of the four straw hats was the highest (51 degrees).

Must we therefore conclude that when our heads are cold it is advisable to wear straw hats?

ONE DAY THIS WEEK

IN ART

The Painter of the Angelus

Jean François Millet was born October 4, 1814.

During the nineteenth century there appeared in France and England a large group of pictures dealing with the life of the peasant, the unlettered worker in the fields. A great many of them were painted by men who had no real sympathy with the farm labourer and merely saw him as a picturesque figure. The artist who unconsciously started this movement was a Frenchman, one of the greatest painters who ever lived, Jean François Millet.

Millet was born on October 4, 1814, in a village not far from Cherbourg. His father sent him to a little school, and then, finding that the child was learning nothing, withdrew him and arranged for him to study with a priest.

Jupiter in Sabots

Jean was often obliged to put his books aside to help with the crops, and he put them aside whenever he could to make drawings. When he was eighteen his father apprenticed him to an artist at Cherbourg, and after some years' training this man, convinced of his genius, persuaded the corporation to make a grant to send the young artist to Paris.

Millet went in 1837. He entered Delaroche's studio, the most extraordinary figure that the giddy student life of Paris had ever encountered—a huge, powerful youth with the look of a peasant. He was by nature serious. The students christened him Jupiter in Sabots, the wild man of the woods.

A Life-Long Holiday

For twelve years he stayed in Paris, in poverty, engaged in the kind of fighting that stiffens both a man's character and his art. In 1840 his first picture was hung in the Salon. He was obliged to make attractive little pastels, which he loathed, in order to secure the barest living. There came a day when Millet swore he would do no more pretty pastels; he would paint the pictures he had been born to paint or die. Presently the art world of Paris was aware that a new force was among them. In 1848 some more pictures in the Salon created a sensation. One of them was the now famous Winnower.

A year later Millet set off for Fontainebleau for a short holiday on the poorest possible terms to paint awhile among green things. He found rooms in the village of Barbizon, and the holiday lasted twenty-six years, and only ended with his death on January 20, 1875. There was nothing for him but poverty to his life's end. He found little worldly success, but he found his own soul.

The Painter of the Peasant

At Barbizon, hidden from the gay world in that little retreat where the plain rolls away from the Forest of Fontainebleau, Millet painted that series of pictures, including *The Sower* and *The Angelus*, which were his expression of the beauty of the world. His were no picturesque figures. His peasant was the real peasant who has endured unchanged through the history of the world—the man who lives close to the soil and is at the mercy of sun and storm, famine and hail, wind and tempest, fulfilling God's word.

These men work slowly and steadily at the allotted tasks of the seasons until at length their own bent forms sink down into the earth, and they themselves are harvested in God's Acre.

BOUNTEOUS NATURE

One potato planted by each member of a Women's Institute has produced a crop weighing two hundredweights, which were sent to Leicester Infirmary. From a pound of seed planted in a garden at Ilkeston no less a quantity than 116 pounds was grown.

THE BLACK DEATH

Picture Discovery in a Village Church

A PLAGUE THAT HAS GONE

A striking discovery has been made in the parish church of Ashby St. Ledgers, near Rugby.

People knew that it was linked with Robert Catesby, the accomplice of Guy Fawkes, and that its first stones were probably laid in Saxon times, but they did not know till the other day that there were pictures on its walls.

During renovations the frescoes were revealed under a layer of plaster. Most of them are religious, but one is evidently a tragic bit of local history. A skeleton figure is shown with a gravedigger's shovel. At the period when it was painted, say experts, the Black Death was raging, and probably there was hardly a house in the village where the plague had not claimed a victim. The picture was perhaps a memorial of that dark time, like the war memorials in village churches today.

We do not allow plagues to sweep the land now. One day we shall not let the War plague sweep through the world either. Men of goodwill can overcome all things. Let us hope that war memorials will one day be as rare as memorials of the Black Death.

THE GARDEN UP ALOFT

Looking Down on London Bridge

There are few happier men in London today than Mr. Isaac Young. Yet he is not a Londoner, but a countryman from the Gloucestershire hills.

Every morning he comes up from Mayfair with his master, the well-known coalowner and business magnate Mr. Richard Tilden-Smith, to work at the top of Adelaide House, one of the finest new buildings in the City, on the lawns and flower beds and fruit trees which are in his care.

For Mr. Tilden-Smith has made, 170 feet up in the air, on a roof looking down on London Bridge, perhaps the best roof-garden in the world.

Plum, pear, apple, cherry, and peach trees are there, all bearing a crop of fruit. One tiny potted cherry tree has yielded five pounds of ripe red fruit. Here and there about the perfect lawns or in the little rockery all kinds of flowers grow, antirrhinums, dahlias, petunias, begonias, violas, marguerites. Where the seven-storey lift pushes its head into the sky a vine is trained.

Mr. Tilden-Smith has spent thousands of pounds on his roof-garden, and here, out in the open or in his delightful summer-house looking out over the river, he comes to work or meditate. Here, too, Mr. Young is at work all day, weeding and pruning, watering the emerald turf, as peaceful and easy in his mind as if he were in his own home at Stoke Bishop, and not in the middle of the great City's roar. For the noise of London is not heard on the roof of Adelaide House. *Pictures on page 3*

THE MUSIC OF BELLS

A reader of the C.N. who is interested in the music of carillons and bells sends us two instances in addition to those already mentioned in the C.N.

He reminds us that a sweet carillon may be heard at twelve and four o'clock over Messrs. Atkinson's premises in Old Bond Street, London, where recitals have already been given and another is contemplated for Christmas week.

But the best illustration of this form of music, says our correspondent, may be heard at the little village church of Cattistock, in Dorset, where tunes are hourly played in harmony and a recital is occasionally given. This carillon was made in Belgium, but the tone of the bells is not as good as that of the best bells made in England.

WONDERFUL MIRA

ONE OF THE LARGEST STARS KNOWN

Watching an Event that Took Place 163 Years Ago

THE WHALE IN THE SKY

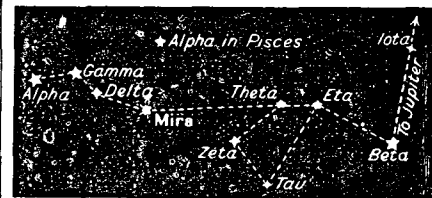
By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Cetus, with its wonderful star Mira, is now to be seen occupying a very large area of the south-east sky after 9 p.m.

The constellation is rather low down and extends a long way to the left of and below Jupiter. Our star-map, which is on a small scale, will make identification easy.

These stars of Cetus, the Whale, are of great interest just now, for they help us to find one of their number, Mira the Wonderful (also known as Omicron Ceti). This star periodically vanishes from naked-eye visibility for about six months, and then, in the course of about three months, it gains in brilliancy, finally reaching a brightness that is often 1500 times greater than it was at the minimum.

Imagine our Sun blazing up in this way every year and increasing his heat and light to this enormous extent, and



The chief stars of the constellation of Cetus, showing where to find Mira

we have some idea of what any worlds that revolve round Mira have to endure.

No worlds like our own belonging to Mira are known to exist; nor are they likely to exist, for Mira's solar system is in an early state of its existence. Mira has, however, a companion sun of bluish tint which probably revolves round it. This smaller sun is in a much more advanced state, and requires a powerful telescope to reveal it.

But as Mira is now at about its maximum brilliancy it should be easily found; by extending an imaginary line from Eta to Theta for about three times the distance between them Mira will be reached, and seen to be shining like a moderately bright star. But in three months it will be gone, its tumultuous outburst having died down.

Incidentally this event occurred about 163 years ago, its light having taken this time getting to us, for Mira is some 10½ million times as far away as our Sun and is on an average about 290 times as wide, so were Mira as close as our Sun what an immense area of the sky it would occupy!

Sphere of Whirling Gases

It is one of the largest suns known, having been found by interferometer measurement to have a diameter of about 250 million miles. So our world would find ample space to revolve in her orbit inside Mira.

Strange to say, if it did our world would meet comparatively little resistance—less than a stone meets with when thrown through our atmosphere. But what a different air! A glowing, scorching fire mist, which would soon reduce to incandescent vapour the Earth and everything on it.

It is the alternate expansion and contraction of this colossal sphere of whirling gases, together with terrific outbursts of flaming hydrogen and other elements as revealed by the spectroscopic, which appears to account for the immense variations in the brightness of this wonderful star. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Saturn south-west, Jupiter and Uranus south-east. In the morning Venus east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 1 The Invitation

ONE spring evening three men were sitting outside a hotel in Boulogne sipping coffee. They had all been in Paris and were returning to England that night. John Hewart and Edward Longdale had finished some business they had come over to superintend; they had met Raymond De Lisle, the third man, in their hotel by chance.

They sat beside a round table staring across at the busy scene at the quay, where one or two fishing boats were getting ready to sail. A little French boy in a blue blouse was saying good-bye to his mother, a fish-woman with her head enveloped in a black shawl.

Looking at the boy, John Hewart sighed. He said, "That boy's going out with his father, fishing."

De Lisle, the tallest of the three, an amazingly tall fellow, with light, fair hair and a pale, attractive face, said slowly: "I expect your own boy John would love that!"

"John hates water," said Hewart rather sadly; "he has a perfect horror of it."

Longdale looked up from his glass of coffee. "I'm glad your boy's afraid of something, Hewart," he said. "My eldest boy Teddy is rather a puzzle to me. He's so slack— But we mustn't bore De Lisle."

"I like hearing about kids though I'm a bachelor," said De Lisle. "I think you'd better send your boys along to me for the summer holidays. I have got a house in Scotland, and I'll guarantee to give them a good time and plenty of adventures."

"But I hoped you would come to stay with us, De Lisle," said Hewart.

"Oh, thank you," replied De Lisle. "I never stay with anyone! My ways are bachelor ways, and I can't conform to any rules but my own."

Hewart and Longdale laughed.

There was something strange about De Lisle. He had almost uncanny powers; he seemed to be able to charm animals, to call birds by whistling to them. He knew something of a doctor; he knew much about engineering. Yes, a quaint, strong, secret sort of chap was De Lisle. John Hewart, clerk in the Admiralty, with a fine red-brick house in the suburbs, used to meeting staid, jog-trot City men, was greatly stimulated by De Lisle's society. He liked and trusted De Lisle. Edward Longdale, who was a master in a boys' preparatory school in Putney, admired De Lisle even more.

"I should like my children to meet you," Longdale said to him. "If you can really have them for the summer holidays that will be tremendously nice for them."

"I will only have them under one condition," said De Lisle, stretching out his sensitive, long-fingered hand to his coffee glass. "You mustn't expect any letters home."

"Right," said Longdale. At once he knew that his wife would not like this, but oh, it was going to be worth it! He only wished that he could join the party himself.

Hewart interrupted them by saying, rather sadly, "My children have no mother, you know, De Lisle. She's dead. Our house is looked after by my Cousin Annie. There won't be any difficulty in the letter business, for my young folks don't like Annie, or ever wish to write to her. You only want the elder boy, of course, to come?"

"I think I remember the names of all your children," De Lisle said, gazing absently across the harbour

at the wintry sky. "There's John who doesn't like water, aged twelve. There's Monica Mildred, aged eleven, the girl," he continued.

"Do you want her?"

"Eleven's a good age for adventure, Hewart. Of course I want her! What's her special point?"

"A tomboy. Won't take any interest in boiling puddings and sweeping rooms and making a house pretty," groaned Hewart.

"Then there's your little girl Corinne," said De Lisle.

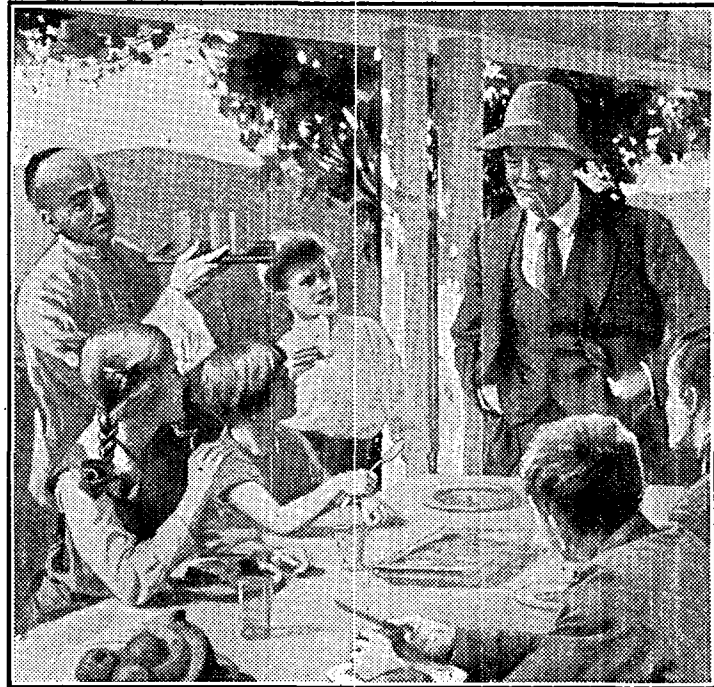
"Of course you wouldn't want her," exclaimed Hewart. "She's just five."

"No, I think that's too young," said De Lisle decidedly. "Now what about your children, Longdale? There's the eldest—greedy Ted; and the twins: one's the engineer fellow."

"Yes, Rafe. Would you really want the three? It's very kind."

"Of course I want them."

"The other twin, Hilary, is rather a nuisance; he's mad on practical jokes," murmured Longdale.



"You shall see an island of mine," said Uncle Bluster

"Give me Hilary too," said De Lisle, smiling his sudden, radiant smile. "But we must go," he added, rising. "It is nearly time for the boat."

A warning siren sounded from the harbour, and De Lisle strode into the hotel to get his luggage. The months passed by, and about the fifteenth of July Raymond De Lisle received a letter which he read at Crow's Nest, in a high, oak-lined room overlooking the sea. It was written in a round, blotchy handwriting.

Dear Mr. De Lisle, Daddy says we're all coming to stay with you. I don't see how I can, even though there will be adventures. I have a jolly new cat called Ruffles, and I'd rather stay at home with her unless she may come. Mother says you wouldn't want a kitten in Scotland, but if you did I would like to come, and to tunnel under the ocean. I really like tunnelling better than anything. I wanted a dog, but I like this cat. It is blue-grey with ear feathers.

Yours sincerely,
RAFE P. LONGDALE.

The reply read as follows:

Dear Rafe, Bring the cat. There is a tiger cub here for it to have for a friend. Is there a diary keeper in your family? If so, let him bring his diary along. Remind your mother there will be no letter-writing. I had an Alsatian puppy, but he is lost.

Anyone who finds him shall have him. I hope you don't mind desert islands (there are several about), and bathing in the rain, and smells in a lab. We shall see what we shall see.

Yours truly,
R. De L.

"What an extraordinary letter!" remarked Mother, when Rafe had handed it to her at breakfast. "I really think that Daddy's friend Mr. De Lisle is a little mad. Of course it's a joke about his owning a tiger cub!"

Rafe's grey-green eyes met his father's with a questioning flash. What Rafe saw, and what Teddy, listening greedily, also saw, was that Father believed in that cub!

CHAPTER 2

Uncle Bluster Arrives

DE LISLE loved children. He looked forward greatly to the summer holidays. For once, he thought, he was not to be busy, and could give his time to the young guests. He meant to meet them in a few hours, going to the station in the car he had designed himself. He was thinking of this when a footfall sounded behind him, and he turned sharply on his heel.

His secretary, Prendergast, a square, short, merry, dark-eyed man, came up, shaking his head and

Prendy. Go and fetch me my cipher book H.G.R.453 F.D.17."

In a few minutes De Lisle, attired in a thick leather coat, his precious book of ciphers in his pocket, was motoring fast down the avenue that led from Crow's Nest. Prendergast, left alone, sank into a wicker chair on the verandah and called for a glass of strawberry wine.

"I shall never be able to keep the kiddies in order," he muttered, and mopped his square brow.

Ah Sing came with the wine he always brewed himself.

"Velly nice. Chillen coming, Ah Sing velly glad," said the Chinese.

"Tut, tut, Ah Sing! Why be glad? I daresay they're mischievous imps," said Prendy.

Still two hours must elapse before it would be time to go to the station. The more Prendy considered the matter the more timid he became.

A party of four boys and one girl! Prendy was lazy, very lazy just then; he hated at that moment taking people for picnics on the beach; he didn't like climbing Scottish mountains. So when about nine o'clock Mr. Augustus Brackley, De Lisle's rich uncle, appeared, a large, portly body, coming slowly across the lawn, Prendy felt an impulse to confide his troubles to him.

Yet it was not always easy to talk to Uncle Bluster, as he was nicknamed; he always insisted on talking to you, and he boomed at you with his big voice and glared at you with his small blue eyes, and roared you down when you began.

However, Uncle Bluster was a much cheerier soul than his twin brother, who was always called Blister. For Blister's one idea of talking was to run down Great Britain and to say the nation was dead, and that we'd better all drown ourselves and then let the island sink. Bluster spent his life in contradicting Blister.

Bluster generally began talking to you when he was a long way off, and he was shouting now, shouting to poor little bald Prendy, curled up in a green cane chair on the verandah.

"We've had another big row," he called, "Brother Horace and I."

"What about?" called Prendy, in his shrill, thin voice.

"I tell you we've had a row," Bluster repeated, reaching the verandah and sinking down into a chair with a heavy sigh. "I want to tell Raymond about it. I've told Horace that the Britons are as fine as ever they were and as plucky as ever they were, and to prove it I've said I'll kidnap a few British children in my boat and land them on my own island, and then we shall see how they come through it. We shall see if the young folk of today are as feeble and cowardly and spineless as Horace says they are. He says he'll take my word. Now I've got to find the children. That's the trouble. We've got one staying with us. A shy chap, Alastair Miles, who never opens his mouth. Blister says he's useless. I think he's a great lad. But I want a few more."

Into Prendy's mind came De Lisle's instructions about the coming guests: *Let them have adventure.*

"I shall sail them to my island of Lithranmore," continued the old gentleman, "and drop them there for a week to fend for themselves. If I can only get the children!"

And what was this? A sound of a car, a taxi, coming round the bend of the avenue, children hanging eagerly out of the windows; Monica Mildred's laughing face; someone holding a very little girl who had surely never been invited; Rafe's face peeping beside hers. On the other side Hilary, all grubby from the train, making grimaces as only he could; round-faced Ted and square-faced John, with a train smut on his nose, were waving excitedly.

CHAPTER 3

And Then the Family

THEY were all at lunch in the verandah outside De Lisle's wonderful dining-room, with its beautiful pillars of teak and its parquet floor, and bare oak table.

The two families of Hewart and Longdale had travelled together.

"It was like this, Mr. De Lisle," Monica Mildred had explained to Prendy, who had looked very fearfully at the five-year-old in her pretty grey jersey and knitted skirt as she jumped out of the cab. "Our Cousin Annie went off for a holiday, and she had got a strange, new housekeeper to look after Daddy. The housekeeper was even uglier than Cousin Annie, and I saw she hated little children, so at the last minute, as she had been slapping Baby, I decided I'd bring Baby with me. Daddy had to be in Birmingham on business, and so we saw ourselves off, and I just left a note for him, and I told the housekeeper our Scottish friend would be very pleased to welcome Corinne. She really is a dear little thing, and she's just found out that there's such a thing as jumping in the world, and sometimes she jumps all day long. And so you are very glad to have her, aren't you, Mr. De Lisle?"

It was the first time that Prendergast, the secretary, had ever been mistaken for his hero, and he blushed crimson with pleasure.

"I'm not Mr. De Lisle, but I am sure it will be all right," he said, though the thought flashed through his mind "That little one must never be left on the Isle of Lithranmore."

Then Rafe had asked for milk for his cat, a scared white kitten; and Hilary begged to see the tiger cub, and they had all been taken to look at Rajah, the small, striped furry form that was coiled up like a big pussy in De Lisle's own private observatory at the top of the house.

It looked beautifully tigerish, such rich, dark stripes on lemon yellow, and its eyes were fierce.

After hot baths and cold shower baths, conversations with Ah Sing, a long, unsuccessful, but happy hunt for the lost Alsatian in the garden, and a trip to the beach, there had come lunch.

"This is a good adventure," sighed Rafe when Ah Sing handed round strawberry wine. "But I hope Mr. De Lisle will come soon."

"What would you like most to see now that you are here?" Uncle Bluster asked suddenly.

"A desert island," replied Hilary promptly, thinking of the tiger cub.

How Uncle Bluster's eyes twinkled!

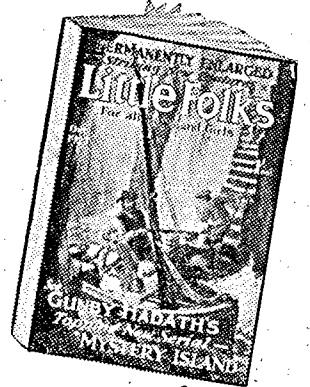
"You shall come with me in a day or two for a picnic and see an island of mine," said he, and they all stopped eating then, and Monica Mildred stared as she stammered with excitement:

"You've got an island of your very own, sir? How topping!"

"Yes, we can picnic there very soon," said Uncle Bluster, with a great wink at Prendy.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Plod on the Cheerful Way Till Day is Done



THE BRAN TUB

Buried Towns

IN each of the following sentences a European town or city is hidden. Doris and May ran hand in hand down the path.

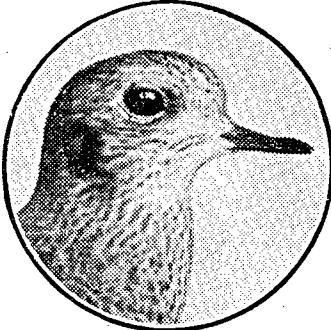
I hope you will have nice weather. Will you call on Donald next week? I am on shore at last after being at sea more than eight months.

The traffic moved too slowly for the impatient motorist.

She said he was to keep it as a memento.

Answers next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



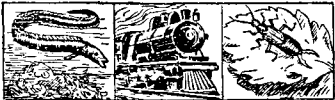
The Plover

The Plover is very widely distributed, occupying nearly every description of country from bare mountains to cultivated lands and the seashore. It is powerful in flight and is capable of flying for a considerable distance. It is more or less a sociable bird, and in the winter often assembles in large flocks. The nest is usually in a depression in the ground, the eggs being protected by their resemblance to the surroundings.

Proverbs About Silence

SILENCE is golden.
Silence gives consent.
No wisdom like silence.
Silence seldom doth harm.
Unreasonable silence is folly.
Silence is wisdom and gets friends.
If a word be worth a shekel silence is worth two.

Ici On Parle Français



Une anguille La locomotive Un perce-oreille
L'anguille ressemble à un serpent.
La locomotive marche à toute vitesse.
Le perce-oreille ne me plaît guère.

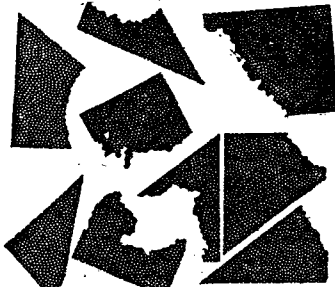
Do You Live at Islington?

THE old spelling of this place in London, once a merry village to which Londoners used to go for an outing, is Isendune, and it means the dune or hill of Isena, some early chief or person of importance who lived on the rising ground in this district north of the capital.

How Stilton Cheese Got Its Name

STILTON is the choicest of all English cheeses, its richness being largely due to the fact that additional cream is introduced into its composition. Stilton cheese was originally made near Melton Mowbray, but it gets its name from Stilton in Huntingdonshire, where an inn on the Great North Road first brought it into fame.

A Jig-Saw Map

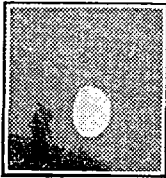


CUT out or trace carefully these shapes and then rearrange them so as to form a map of part of the British Empire.

Solution next week

Next Week's Nature Calendar

ONLY a few martins are now left, the bulk having flown south. The buntings and finches are collecting in flocks. Sloes are ripe. Virginia creeper turns red. The maple turns yellow. Most of the trees are assuming their autumnal tints. Birch and cherry leaves are now falling.



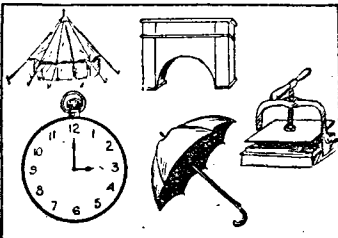
Looking South
5.7 p.m., Oct. 5.
Greenwich Time

Riddle-Me-Ree

MY first is in sedan but not in chair,
My second's in provoke but not in dare;
My third is in embrace but not in hug,
My fourth is in compact but not in snug,
My fifth is in hostile but not in foe,
My sixth is in produce but not in grow,
My seventh's in command but not in bid,
My eighth is in concealed but not in hid,
My ninth is in lukewarm but not in hot,
My whole is a cold and desolate spot.

Answer next week

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of something generally used in salads.

Answer next week

New Windows

WHEN we see a new building nearing completion there are usually big patches of whitewash on each pane of glass in the windows.

These patches are to prevent the glass being accidentally broken by the builders, who might forget that the frames were no longer vacant if they were not warned to take care of the glass by the whitewash.

Changeling

Y	A	R	D
M	I	L	E



Change the word Yard into Mile with only five intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

To the Litter Lout

From a notice-board on the River Wye near Earswood:

I AM very glad that you should use the rocks for lunch or tea, That you should share the beauty of this lovely spot with me; But I should take it kindly if the next day I could find No paper and no broken glass or no food scraps left behind.

Jacko Sleeps Out

MR. JACKO always got rather irritable on a hot day; he said the cold weather agreed with him better, and made him feel really brisk. But Mrs. Jacko didn't mind how hot it was, and neither did Jacko. They were delighted when there was a sudden heat wave at the end of a very bad summer.

"It's really sizzling!" said Jacko, rushing off to find an ice-cream barrow. Mrs. Jacko took her sewing out into the garden and fairly basked in the sun.

It really was hot, and it didn't seem to get any cooler in the evening; in fact, Jacko announced that he was going to sleep out of doors.

Mrs. Jacko wasn't at all keen on the idea; she said Jacko would sleep much better indoors. But in the end she gave in, and allowed him to rig up a bed on the lawn.



Jacko saw that he was fighting the village policeman

Jacko generally hated going to bed, but he didn't mind a bit that night. He thought bedtime would never come, but at last it did get dark, and he snuggled down in his new bed.

It certainly was very comfortable, but somehow or other Jacko couldn't go to sleep. The garden seemed very dark and creepy, and when all the lights went out in the house he began to feel unpleasantly lonely.

At last he couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm going indoors!" he said to himself.

But at that very moment he caught sight of a dark figure stealing along the path by the house.

"Coo! A burglar!" he murmured.

The dark figure certainly behaved in a suspicious manner. It first tried the front door, and then turned a torchlight on to the windows, as if trying to find a way into the house.

Jacko got so excited that he soon quite forgot his fright. He seized his pillow and crept across the lawn.

"Take that! And that!" he yelled, bringing the pillow down on the burglar's head with a fearful whack.

The burglar was taken by surprise; he went down like a nine-pin before Jacko's onslaught.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help! Help!" There was such a din all of a sudden that everybody in the house woke up.

"What on Earth is the matter?" shouted Mr. Jacko, flinging up a window and leaning out.

Just at that moment the Moon came out from behind a cloud, and Jacko saw, to his amazement, that he was fighting the village policeman!

The wretched man had been strolling round the house to see that all the doors were shut, and he had had the shock of his life when Jacko went for him.

It was the last time that Jacko was allowed to sleep out of doors. The policeman was furious and took a lot of pacifying, and nobody in the house had a wink of sleep that night.

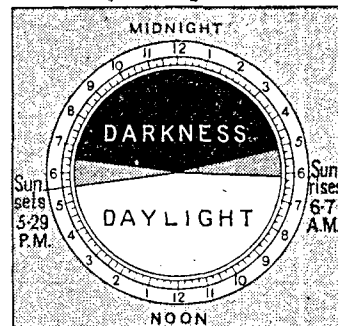
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	5765..6253..2993..2960	
Glasgow	1737..1791..895..869	
Liverpool	1511..1532..659..654	
Birmingham	1422..1424..612..627	
Manchester	998..1108..557..526	
Belfast	722..817..334..353	
Sunderland	276..271..130..138	
Plymouth	253..312..150..156	
Walsall	137..173..82..66	
Ipswich	109..129..50..48	
York	98..108..62..56	
Hastings	64..64..66..63	

The four weeks are up to Aug. 27, 1927

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The times are Greenwich Time. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Parlour Aquarium

Oh, Mother, Tommy's grandmother has such a wonderful thing in her house. A great glass box full of water with red herrings swimming about in it!

Cold Comfort

SMITH, travelling in the Tropics, has been warned against bathing where there are alligators, but has found a spot where the natives assure him there is none, and is enjoying a good swim from a boat.

Smith (treading water for a moment): How do you know there are no alligators here?

Native Boatman (confidently): Well, you see, sir, the alligators are so terribly frightened of the sharks.

At the Telephone

IRISH GROOM: Will you send up two sacks of oats and a bundle of hay?

Voice at the other end: Who for?

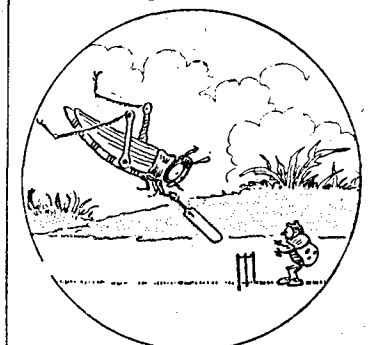
Irish Groom: For the horse, of course, you ass!

That, and Nothing More

JACK (at Boulogne, studying the heading of an official notice of the Department): What does Pas de Calais mean, Ethel?

Ethel: Oh, I suppose it means Nothing to do with Calais. I expect there's a great deal of jealousy between Calais and Boulogne. Rival ports, you know!

Brighter Cricket



WHEN Grasshopper plays cricket He gives the insects fun. He takes a jump to wicket And calls that jump a run!

Quite Safe

WHAT is the simplest way of protecting a Turner picture in the National Gallery?

Place a Constable on each side of it.

Simple

I SAY, Edith, what's the meaning of Congress?

Feminine of Conger, of course, a female eel!

Kindly Meant

MRS. SMITH: Why, Professor, you're looking ever so much better. What have you been doing with yourself?

The Professor: Much better, thank you. I've been at Aix, taking the baths, you know.

Mrs. Smith: Really? That was a nice change for you, wasn't it?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's Cross Word Puzzle:

EDICT	TRADE
DINE	FRAME
ION	CREW
TREBLES	ALE
OUR	OTTOMAN
ARM	TYLEERS
SALE	TERRA
H	ATLAS
INST	WEIR
PATEN	SE
ROASTING	

Beheaded Word
Stone, tone, note, ton, on

Jumbled Countries

Argentina, Russia, Switzerland, Persia, Mongolia, Australia, Belgium, Iceland, Siberia, Bechuanaland, Rhodesia, Labrador.

Do You Know Me?

Ambition

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

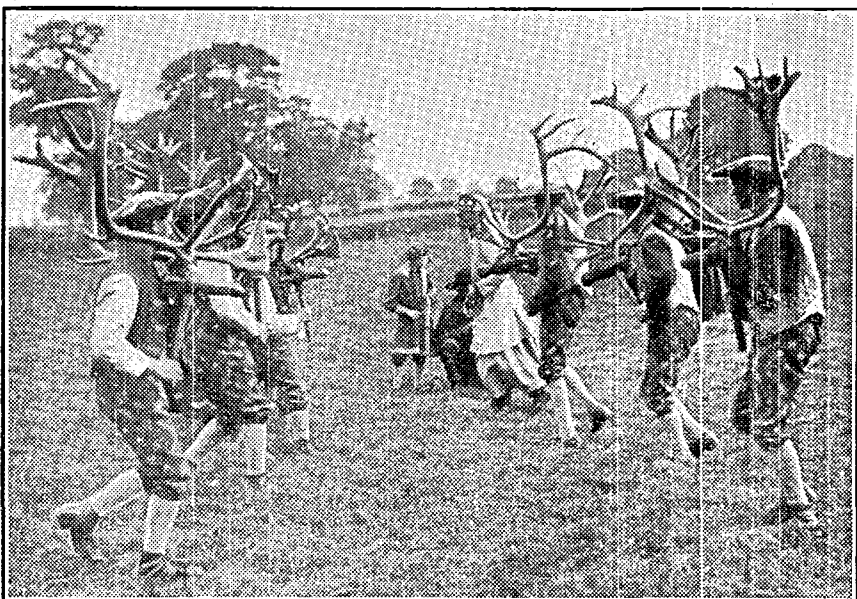
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 1, 1927

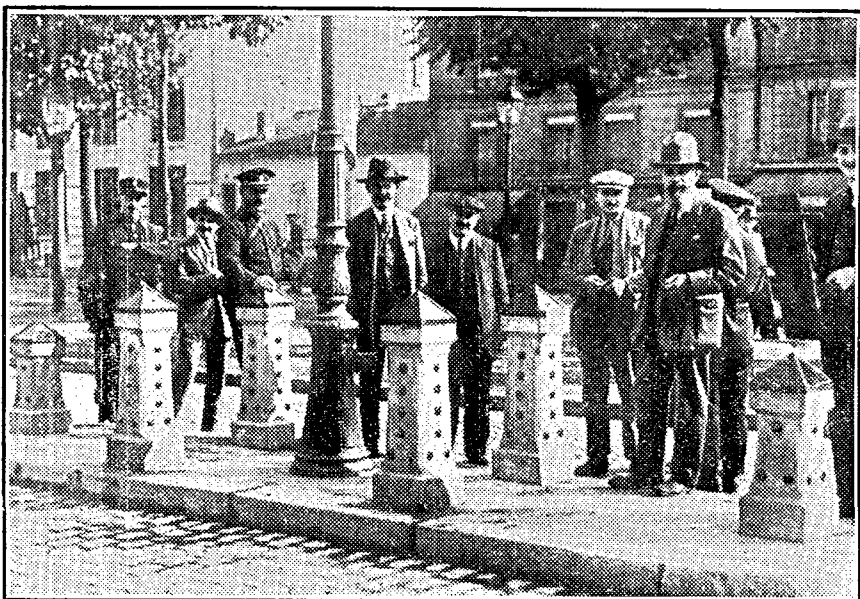
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

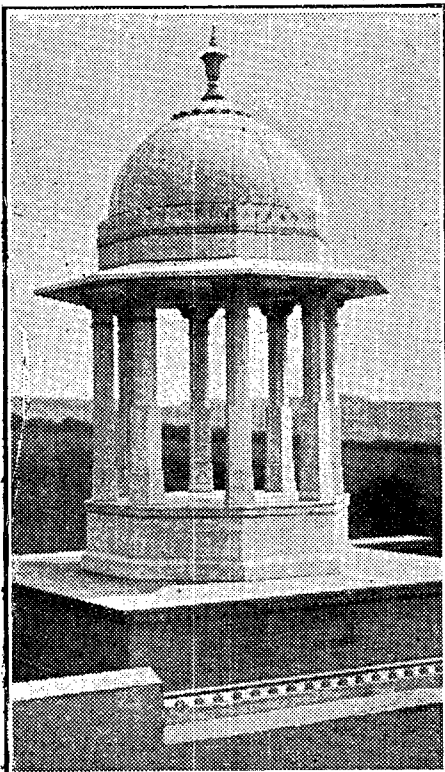
400-YEAR-OLD DANCE • PUSHBALL IN HOLLAND • RED INDIAN GOLFERS



The Dance of the Deer Men—A very old English folk dance, which has been performed annually for four hundred years, was given the other day at Abbots Bromley, in Staffordshire. The dancers wear ancient costume and carry deer antlers on their shoulders, as shown here



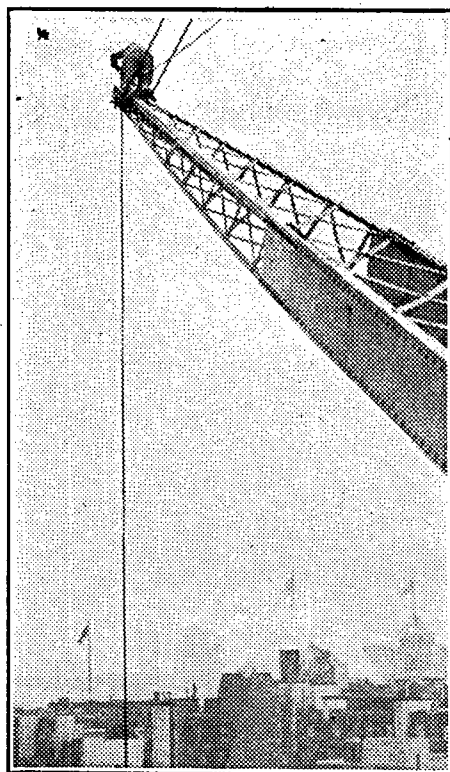
The Twinkling Lights of Paris—A good idea to help the traffic is being carried out in Paris where street refuges, to make them conspicuous, are being fitted with posts in which are a number of lights, as shown here. This device should help drivers and pedestrians alike



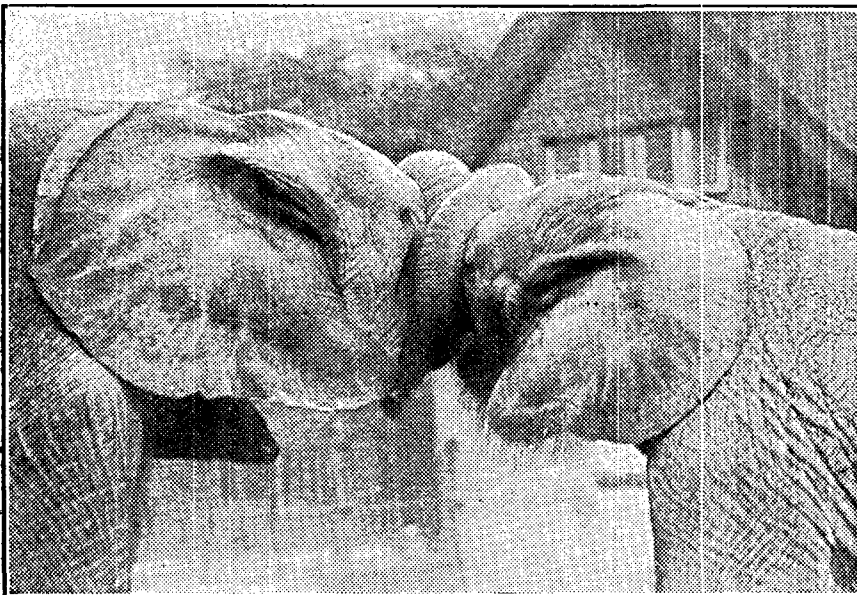
The Monument on the Downs—This beautiful monument on the downs at Patcham, near Brighton, is a memorial to the Indian soldiers who gave their lives in the Great War. See page 3



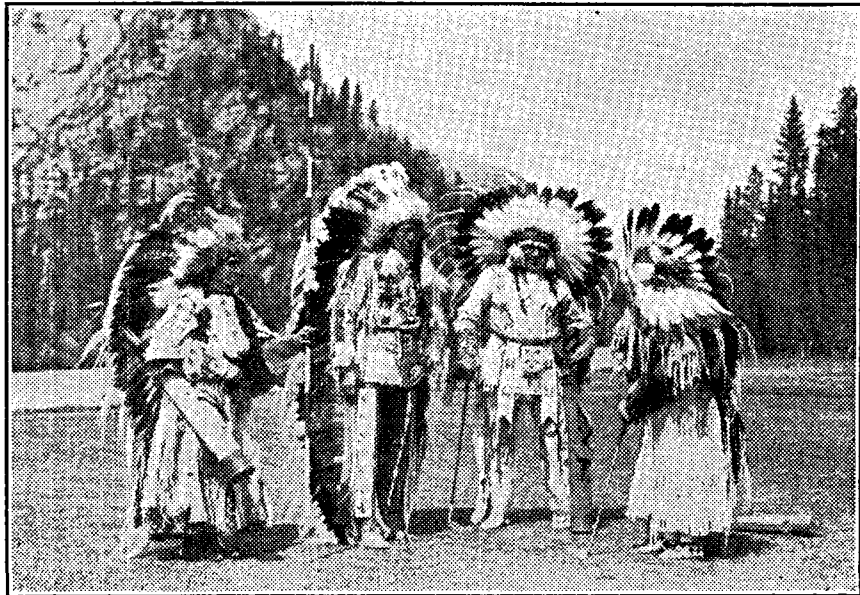
Pushball in Holland—The jolly game of pushball has lately been introduced into Holland by a match between the towns of Volendam and Edam, and is expected to prove a very popular form of amusement. This picture shows some little Dutch boys in their national dress enjoying a little informal practice with the giant ball



High Above London—A crane erected on a high building in the Strand needed some attention, and here we see the dangerous but customary position in which a workman carried out the repair



Trunks in a Knot—Two young African elephants at the London Zoo cause great amusement by their habit of greeting one another by entwining their trunks in a knot, as shown here



Red Indians as Golfers—At Banff, in Canada, two Red Indian chiefs and their wives played a golf match recently. This picture shows the players wearing their picturesque costumes

ONE LITTLE ROOM AND THE WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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